

Arthur Lidov

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The American Mercury

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WALLACE AND THE NEW DEALERS Nathan Robertson
HOW STALIN CAN BE STOPPED Eugene Lyons
THE PLIGHT OF THE UNMARRIED Thomas C. Desmond

WARREN OF CALIFORNIA

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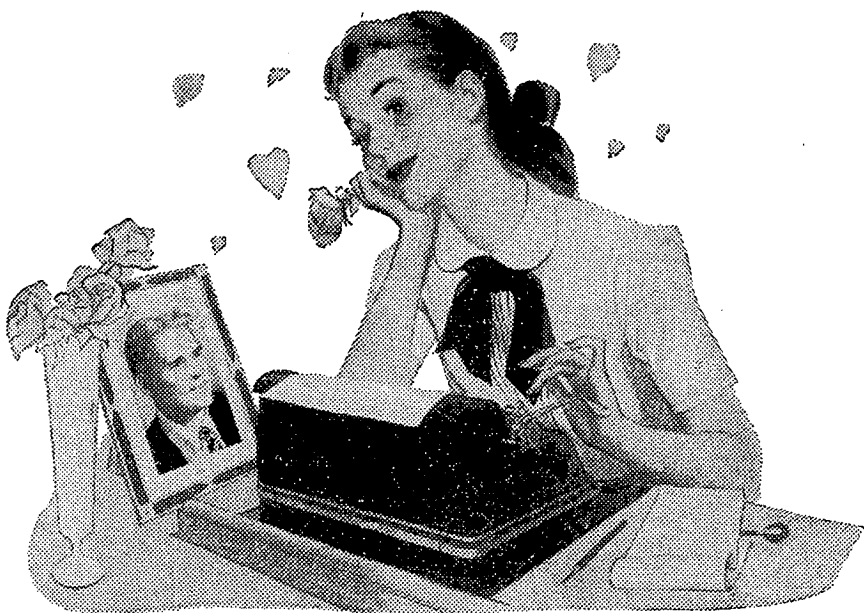
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will contain, among other things

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GIVE THE COLLEGES BACK TO THE INDIANS, by Bergen Evans. *Dr. Evans, whose department, The Skeptics' Corner, is one of the most popular in the magazine, proposes a change in academic life that will send a shudder through the faculty rooms, but that has ample historic precedent of the highest respectability. A genuine contribution to educational thinking and thoroughly exhilarating reading at the same time.*

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CANADIAN IDEALS AND U. S. DOLLARS, by Bruce Hutchison. *A distinguished Canadian newspaper man, perhaps for the first time in a general magazine, presents a brilliant psychograph of his country, with special emphasis upon its ties, on every level, with its southern neighbor.*

There will also be a short story of exceptional merit and the usual departments: The Theatre, The Skeptics' Corner, The Library, The Soap Box, Down to Earth, The Open Forum, and The Check List.

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THE CHECK LIST

BIOGRAPHY

THE LAST BILLIONAIRE: *Henry Ford*, by William C. Richards. \$3.75. *Scribners*. The author accurately tabs this book in his introduction when he describes it as "no definitive biography, but a series of reminiscences." He eschews the usual biographical style altogether, presenting instead a welter of anecdote, arranged in totally unchronological and only vaguely logical sequence; so that any given chapter forms as good a point of departure for the reader as another. Within this unorthodox framework, however, he tells his story in a lively, witty, superbly entertaining fashion from which his protagonist emerges as a memorable, if contradictory, human being — one with the vision and energy to build an industrial empire, coupled with an irrational bigotry which betrayed him into a scandalous campaign against the Jewish people; and who possessed a canny business sense which was the despair of competitors, yet could be duped into childishly spending thousands on such hare-brained projects as "proving" that Lincoln's assassin really lived on under an assumed name for 38 years after his crime.

WAR AS I KNEW IT, by George S. Patton, Jr. \$3.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. These memoirs of the celebrated commander of the Third Army make strangely fascinating reading. They reveal a man with very definite ideas and pugnacious impulses — he often complains that if only his superiors had let him alone or had given him the necessary supplies, he could have finished off the Germans almost single-handed long before V-E day. He also takes pains to justify his action in the infamous soldier-slapping incident. He says, "I am convinced that my action in this case was entirely correct," and he deplores the fact that other officers did not do likewise. On the other hand, he reveals himself as a sharp observer of nature, a keen judge of men and a voracious reader of religious, political and biographical books. He also displays a facility with the English language. The historian Douglas Southall Freeman, in a brief introduction, says, "In the larger qualities

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The American Mercury

AMERICA'S CRITICAL MILITARY POSITION

BY

WILLIAM B. ZIFF

THE net result of our diplomacy in Europe and Asia has been a steady loss of strategic position.

Whether there is to be an ultimate conflict with the Soviet Union or not, no one can gainsay the fact that the world balance of power, once heavily weighted in our favor, is shifting over in favor of Moscow. If Italy is sucked into the orbit of the Kremlin, the deterioration of our physical picture will become alarming. Now that we have been assured by Messrs. Truman and Marshall that the nation is involved in a "great crisis," we should reassess our situation soberly.

It is possible that we are not more than three years away from a test of

strength which will border on the disastrous.

Our policy for the past few years has centered around the illusion that because the Soviet Union fought on our side during World War II, it was in some fashion a democracy; that the multilateral treaties which created the United Nations would somehow prove more effective than the endless list of broken treaties which preceded it; and that this failing, peace could be purchased through unlimited spending on the part of the United States.

Since the close of hostilities, we have supplied almost \$20 billion to the stricken nations of Europe and Asia, or approximately \$8 billion a

WILLIAM B. ZIFF is president of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. He is the author of *The Rape of Palestine*, *The Coming Battle of Germany*, *The Gentlemen Talk of Peace and Two Worlds*. During the war he was a consultant to the U. S. Department of Justice.

year. Judged by results so far, this money has been virtually a total loss. The international crisis has deepened. The Communists have advanced steadily into the center of Europe, and now threaten the Western and Mediterranean states. In Asia, the Kremlin has taken over Manchuria and Northern Korea, and controls the great strategic reaches of Chinese Turkestan. Besides, the Communist forces of Northern China appear to be waging a winning battle.

A prime example of the ineptness of our policy is the situation in Greece. The American-financed Greek army, typical of the forces designed by our spending orgy to "protect" the United States, has been unable to contain the ragged group of Communist rebels infesting Northern Greece. The rebels, according to an official report recently made to Mr. Truman, have been "enabled not only to increase their marauding activities, but also to increase their strength through forceable recruitment."

II

But if our floundering diplomacy has been gravely disappointing, the unhealthy security pattern which our armed forces are following at the behest of the politicians is even less reassuring. The hard and indisputable fact is that our military establishment is weak and antiquated, built on the assumption that the next war will be fought on the same terms as the last one. The key to our world strategy is the theory that the American first line

of defense is somehow connected with the preservation of the scattered British Empire.

Consequently we have created an informal alliance with the collapsing states of Europe by which we are to be their arsenal and banker. We have devoted our energies to a show of strength in the Mediterranean, and to a fortification of island outposts in the Pacific.

We are endeavoring to bolster the third-rate Greek and Turkish forces, which probably could not survive an onslaught from the direction of Soviet Russia for more than twelve hours. We are supplying military missions, money and steel to Saudi Arabia, and are backing the French in a fantastic scheme to reconstruct the Maginot Line. We are establishing bases in Morocco, Tripoli and Arabia, from which the Soviet Union is to be threatened if a sharp military crisis should develop.

The crux of this pattern is the establishment of a Mediterranean fleet heavily devoted to airplane carriers. But this fleet, in the event of war with the Soviet Union, would find the Mediterranean untenable, just as the North Sea was to American and English ships during World War II. It either would have to withdraw with ignominious speed, or it would be sunk by powerful land-based air forces which could be brought to bear within a matter of days from the onset of hostilities.

Besides, the oil required to keep our fleet in operation would probably

have to come from the terminal pipelines at Haifa, and from the Persian Gulf. But in the event of war, Iran and Saudi Arabia could be overpowered almost instantly by mechanized Russian divisions which would roll over the adjacent borders. In short, if our fleet relied on this Arabian oil, it would be immediately paralyzed.

Any realistic estimate makes it apparent that we cannot operate effectively from bases strung along the widespread borders of the Soviet Union, without risking quick and disastrous consequences. The Soviets, with their internal lines of communication, would possess overwhelming and decisive advantage.

Our own armies would be tied to impossibly long lines of supply, while almost all Russian supplies could be obtained locally.

III

In view of these military realities, our present approach is as irrational as was that of Gamelin in his ill-conceived "war of static defense" against the Germans. Judging by the relative strategic positions, the weakness of our forces, and the antiquated psychology which directs our actions, we have ample grounds for the grave fear that unless we radically change our basic plans, in a war against the Russians today we might lose.

This will come as a shock to the overwhelming majority of Americans who are convinced that somehow we are invincible. Success in military oper-

ation, however, does not inevitably proceed from a previous record of successive triumphs. It is tied in directly with the nature and quality of presently available arms, the capacity to transport and concentrate them in force against an enemy's vitals, and a position of absolute readiness under terms of the particular military situation which applies.

The supreme confidence with which we regard the atomic bomb could easily turn out to be a tragic illusion.

The bomb, needless to say, is an agency of unprecedented killing power. But it is not a weapon of absolute decision except under favorable conditions. These relate principally to territories of reasonably limited space, containing highly centralized factory systems, transportation and communication arteries. The vast extent of Soviet-ruled territory, some three times that of the Continental United States, and the widespread dispersal of Russian industries, would greatly diminish the power of a weapon which by its nature is scarce in quantity and can only be employed usefully against easily reached and highly selective targets.

Aware of the bomb's existence, the Russians have no doubt concentrated on building the best possible wall of interception, so that only a massive assault counting on the expectation of considerable losses, could traverse the thousands of miles of territory involved, find the target and place it under the vertical envelopment necessary for its demolition.

It is, moreover, reckless to assume that the Russians themselves are not well along toward piercing the secrets of the bomb's manufacture. Nor for that matter, in an era of deadly bacteriological agencies, radioactive dust and other lethal instruments of destruction, may the atomic bomb be considered as a supreme and unchallengeable source of power.

The single saving grace in the current situation is that the Russians are not yet capable of waging a global struggle, and will not be for a period variously estimated at from three to five years. To engage in hopeful conjecture on this subject, however, is useless. The cold fact is that the U. S. and the USSR are moving rapidly toward a showdown, and that an all-out and thinly disguised struggle for strategic position is going forward. In these preliminary skirmishes, we have already lost much ground.

By their occupation of Czechoslovakia and Hungary, the Soviets have managed to protect their underflank with a wall of mountains. They have inherited important munitions industries, and have decisively outflanked any conventional invasion attempt which might seek to fight its way into the center of Russia over the only possible land route, the narrow northern plain of Europe.

Italy and France, with their vast Communist minorities, could be paralyzed almost at once by general strikes of the workers. Their relative military strength in any case is minor. Germany is a vacuum, except for the

trifling allied forces present there. The Greeks could hardly hope to withstand a powerful onslaught from the North, and indeed it may be supposed that in order to save its neck, the governing neo-fascist régime would yield to a Russian ultimatum. Turkey would present more of a problem to the masters of the Kremlin, though not a serious one. The best military opinion, in fact, is that all of Europe could be overrun by Russian armies in something less than a week. Their position in this sector then would be strikingly like that of the Germans in *Festung Europa*, but because of its massive quality, it would be infinitely less vulnerable to successful assault.

In the Far East the situation would be more in our favor. Serviced by the easily cut, double-tracked Trans-Siberian Railroad, the Russian Maritime Provinces, together with Manchuria and Northern Korea, could be speedily isolated by an American task force. The Russians would be driven back beyond the wall of the Gobi Desert and the vast tundra wastes of Central Siberia. Due to this formidable terrain, no further struggle between orthodox surface forces could take place. Northeastern Asia would be ours.

A more difficult problem would be offered by the Communized masses of Northern China. Here we would encounter the same type of liquid resistance met with by the Japanese. It is certain that we would not be received as liberators but as enemies,

and that the unceasing guerrilla warfare in this area would be a continuous though not all-important hazard.

A Third World War would accentuate the present unsettled conditions in Southern Asia. Its economy would sway dangerously. Communist agitators, already potent in these areas, would bend every effort to create a mass racial war against the hated white imperialists. Whether our forces could master the resulting anarchy and turmoil is an open question.

In the United States the greatest hazard would be faced by our concentrated industrial plants, which are extremely vulnerable in an air and atom age. Coming by comparatively short routes over the roof of the world, Red planes could place our northern cities in mortal jeopardy. Suicide expeditions starting from Archangel, Omsk or Igarka, might attempt to smash the locks at Sault Ste. Marie through which the Minnesota iron ore pours into the blast furnaces of our northern industrial sites. Simultaneously they might destroy the vital industrial plants of Gary, Chicago, Pittsburgh and other northern points.

The destruction of the steel industry alone by some new and bold Pearl Harbor assault, could conceivably cripple the nation beyond recovery. A coordinated effort to blow up the locks which make the Panama Canal serviceable, either by sabotage or by guided missiles operating from submarine carriers, is not inconceivable.

Obviously, this nightmare of mili-

tary possibilities is highly unpleasant. It runs counter to the present widespread belief in preordained American military invincibility; but it must be considered while there is yet time to do so.

IV

On the credit side of our ledger, we are still head and shoulders above any other nation, or combination of possible enemies, in our industrial potential. Given time, our science, technology and manufacturing plants could create a defense machine with almost fantastic striking potential.

If we can resist the temptation to scatter our forces in a last-ditch defense of intrinsically indefensible outposts, we not only can defend our nation, but conceivably can prevent a war by making further aggression on the part of the Kremlin a patently suicidal course. This would mean that we would not attempt to meet the Russians on their own chosen battlegrounds, but would hold over their heads the deadly threat of direct approach to their vitals by retaking control of the air ocean which was once an all-American highway, and can be made one again.

An analysis of the military map demonstrates clearly that instead of attempting to fight our way into Russia proper, or into its European fringes, from the Mediterranean underside, we have the real possibility of flying over the comparatively short northern routes, opening up almost every industrial center of the USSR to di-

rect attack. When this possibility is considered in the light of the enormous advances made in destructive striking power by airborne carriers since the days when Germany was devastated by air and Japan literally forced to its knees by the threatened destruction of her cities, the warning to the Russians would be grim and clear — perhaps sufficiently so to keep the peace.

Moscow would be aware that once her inner industrial fortress was under all-out assault, the decisive advantage she possesses in the way of position would be shattered. With her central installations falling into *débris*, Moscow, moreover, would have the greatest difficulty in controlling the subject peoples she has or will have absorbed on her adjacent land fronts. Having had a taste of Russian totalitarianism, these nations can be expected to be in constant revolutionary turmoil, opening the way for their reoccupation by Western expeditionary forces.

To end our present state of debility and to create a powerful military dynamism capable of effectively protecting the nation in crisis, will mean a complete reversal of everything connected with our present policy. The following points seem most pertinent:

(1) We should place little reliance on the military potency of the scattered states facing Russia's borders.

(2) The energies of the United States should be devoted to the swift rebuilding of an air force that is the product of the last word in scientific

aeronautical research. This would involve an expenditure of from \$18 to \$25 billion before it was completed. It would obviously make any further massive commitments in the direction of Europe and Asia impossible.

(3) The present impractical plans for universal military training should be relinquished in favor of a professional air army. Instead of dragging our boys out of the schools and colleges to create an obsolete army, there should be an intensified drive for increased schooling to overcome the present dangerous shortage of trained scientists and technical executives.

(4) The long-range guided missile program, as well as researches into supersonic aerodynamic phenomena, should be given the same high priority once accorded the atom bomb project.

(5) A determined program of research and development of the Arctic north, until now sadly neglected, comparable to the vast developments undertaken by the Russians in their section of the Arctic Circle, should be put into effect at once.

(6) Our stockpiling of strategic and critical materials, now desultory and inadequate, should be carefully and rigidly planned. Our access to such materials as oil and rubber should be developed with an eye to the possibility that wartime emergency would cut us off from present sources of these products abroad.

(7) A huge radar warning net of the type shown to have been effective in England during the stirring Battle of Britain, should be organized, despite

the major difficulties such a proposal entails.

(8) The petty rivalries between the various services, which have largely nullified the purposes of the unification act, should be ended by executive fiat. We require land forces and a navy, but these should be subsidiary to a single unified airborne force that must be the principal American instrument of attack and defense.

(9) We must not withdraw from our battle stations in the Mediterranean and elsewhere, but we must regard them only as token outposts to be expendable in case of war. In the event of further aggression against any state whose continued free existence is considered essential to our interests, we must not only protest verbally but back up the protest with force, occupying any area held to be in jeopardy, making the occupation good by the threat implied in the existence of a powerful air army stationed *on the American mainland*. Under cover of this type of power umbrella, we conceivably could force the Russians to acquiesce to the political and economic unification of Western Europe, the only possible step by which Europe could be recast into an eventual asset, rather than a military liability, to us.

(10) Above all, we must return to the original character of this Republic, taking the military out of politics and the politicians out of the military.

To accomplish these results at this late hour will neither be easy nor

cheap. But it should be axiomatic, in view of our previous experience, that whether an armament race will or will not lead to war, continued weakness on our part will be an absolute guarantee that such a war will occur.

In any case, we must bear in mind that it would take at least four years, with the use of our full resources, to create an effective air army capable of fulfilling the task of protecting the nation and of keeping the present world balance from slipping irrecoverably over to the side of the Kremlin.

Obviously there is little time left. Recent events have given us a reasonable insight into Russian intentions. The United States is desperately feeble militarily in relation to the demands which a sudden conflict would place upon it. And while Russia is probably not ready for a real shooting scrape, tensions are high, and a small incident could precipitate a conflict from which there would be no retreat.

What the Russians are doing on their side, is hidden behind an impenetrable wall. It is known, however, that they are feverishly pursuing atomic as well as fundamental aeronautical research. The Kremlin is in a position to throw all of its energies into military preparation, exploiting to the full the advantage of totalitarian control. It is also known that Russian preparations in the Far North are greatly advanced. The entire Russian military outlay is today larger than it was in 1939, when the Soviet Union faced the prospect of enemy

invasion. It is reliably estimated that a full sixth of Russia's gross annual income is devoted to defense expenditures. To this figure could be added vast additional sums expended for the development of heavy industries, on which the power of a modern military machine must be based.

Our central task, then, is not to provide military equipment to Eu-

ropean allies of doubtful character and efficacy, or to protect archaic and moribund empires. It is to create a firm policy, backed by a mighty defense machine, capable of making any dealer in international hoodlumism understand plainly that the consequences of continued aggression would be the same total disaster which overtook Germany and Japan.

SEAMAN'S DAUGHTER

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

She lives her spinster-staid design
Nor winces if men say, with mirth,
That if her father's blood was brine,
Her own must savor of the earth.

Quiet she goes, and tends her farm
And patters back and forth to town,
A market basket on the arm
Her blue eyes cast demurely down
Nor lets men guess by ill-timed sighs
That still, behind the docile frame,
Some of her father's spirit lies
Bequeathed, as surely as his name:

She never knows what light may dawn,
What quiet lane conceals bright danger;
What mysteries may be answered on
The dark face of a smiling stranger.

And with indrawn expectant breath,
The years and she serenely go:
Nothing might come but age and death
But even so, she does not know. . . .

THE PLIGHT OF THE UNMARRIED

BY THOMAS C. DESMOND

IN THE furious postwar scramble for mates, the problem of the American bachelor and spinster has become obscured. Between 8 and 12 million of our men and women have evaded, postponed or eschewed marriage. Or else they simply never had a chance to marry and never will.

The fact is that the war-induced boom in marriages has already hit a slump, and we can anticipate only a steady, persistent climb in the number of unwed men and women. We have today twice as many single males and females as we had in the nineties, and year by year the total pushes upward. Over the age of 30 we have 5 million bachelors and 3 million spinsters. This is equivalent to the entire populations of Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore and St. Louis. If we add to the list of unmarried men those in the 25-30 group, the total number of bachelors must be reckoned at 7 million. And if—for purely statistical reasons—we count every woman over 25 as a spinster, then there are 4.5 million in the country, and the total of unwed men

and women becomes 11.5 million.

The sad prospect is that one out of every seven young women is doomed to spinsterhood. The chances of a woman 31 years old marrying are about even; at 40 the odds are four to one against her; and at 50 the odds are sixteen to one. The bachelor's opportunities for marriage are somewhat better. At 31, the odds are 13 to 10 in favor of his eventually marrying; but at 40 they are three to one against him; and at 50 they are ten to one.

Fate, so it is said, determines whom we marry, but the question of when we marry—or whether we marry at all—depends largely on economic and geographical considerations. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company statisticians have figured that girls in the South have the best chance of marrying early, but that girls in the West have the best chance of marrying eventually. Young women in the Northeastern cities have the fewest opportunities for matrimony. They point out that an “unmarried woman of middle age is rare in the farming areas of the

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West": 96.6 per cent of native white women in the 45-49 age group in Western farm regions either were married or had been married. But when they checked the urban areas of the Northeast they found that only 84.6 per cent in the same age group had ever been married. The statisticians agreed that girls in our small towns and villages have the best chances for early marriage, but the chances for eventual marriage are greatest for those who remain on the farm.

An inventory of our population discloses that we are over-stocked with women — or that we have a deficit of marriageable males. If we compare the number of women in the 18-45 class with men who are 21-50 we find a shortage of about 1.5 million males.

II

As far as ability to survive goes, man is actually the weaker sex. One hundred and five males are born for every 100 females, but the males die much more rapidly. At the age of 75, we have 15 per cent more females.

Immigration barriers complicate the picture. We no longer permit husky young foreigners to come to the United States in any quantity. The immigrants, who were always preponderantly male, can no longer make up the deficit in husbands. (And in World War II 255,000 American soldiers were killed.)

But the blame for our superfluity of unmarried women cannot be heaped

solely upon wars, restrictive immigration and the naturally high death rate of males. The plain fact is that Nature and economics do not jibe. Our young men and women are biologically mature and able to reproduce in their early teens, but they are still leading the lives of children at twenty. Too many youths of two score years are still being educated, still financially dependent, still securely nestled under the parental wing. By the time the young man is earning enough for marriage, he is often not so young and is firmly rooted in single-life habits, a "mama's boy" perhaps — in short, a confirmed bachelor.

The wits may contend that it makes little difference whether or not there is a rise in the number of our unwed, since bachelors now behave like married men, single girls like married women, and married men and women like bachelors and unwed females. However, and despite Hollywood's envelopment of the lives of bachelors and spinsters in an aura of glamor, there is not much real contentment to it. There is a heavy toll exacted from single men and women in the form of physical disturbances, nervous disorders, frustration of spirit and repressions. The proof is in the grim wards of our mental hospitals.

For every married man in a mental institution, there are three bachelors, according to U. S. Census Bureau tabulations. For every two married women in the mental institutions, there are three spinsters. Government

statisticians find that bachelors have a suicide rate 66 per cent higher than married men, and that the spinsters' suicide rate is 38 per cent higher than that for married females. A check of the inmates in our Federal and state jails uncovers the fact that there are 67,000 bachelors behind bars, compared to only 18,000 married men. Unmarried women in prison outnumber married females 11,000 to 3400.

From a purely medical viewpoint, the story is much the same. Pelvic disorders in single women have been found to be related to the breakdown of these women's emotional resources. One clear indication that single blessedness is often not very blessed lies in Census Bureau figures, which show that the lone male dies earlier than his married brother. The mortality rate for bachelors is around 1218 per 100,000 population, compared with only 856 for married men. Not only is the bachelor more likely to die earlier, he is also more likely to end his days in the poorhouse. A study of the population of old age homes and county poorhouses discloses that there are 82,000 single men residing in them compared with only 23,000 married males.

These statistical findings often fail to convey the heart-sickening personal tragedies which lie behind them. New York City newspapers recently carried a two-paragraph story of a suicide plunge by a young woman who had been discharged a short time previously from a state mental hospital. No reason for the suicide was

given. But I had known the girl's family. She was a 25-year-old, highly intelligent, college graduate who had suffered a nervous breakdown.

One of her friends wrote to me explaining what had happened: "She wanted to marry but no boy seemed to go for her. She felt unloved, unwanted. She became increasingly depressed, until she had to be committed to the hospital. Treatment there helped her. But when she was returned to her former social circle, she was again assailed by feelings of inadequacy; her inability to attract a man tormented her. She then simply must have decided to end her woes."

III

The deferment of marriage is at the root of the widespread violations of our moral precept against premarital relations. The week-end trysts, the hotel rendezvous, the bar-room and back-seat seductions, the rise in "amateur" prostitution recorded by the American Social Hygiene Association, the increase in number of illegitimate children and our failure to stamp out syphilis can all be attributed in large measure to the failure of our citizens to marry. Dr. A. C. Kinsey and his associates reported in their epoch-making *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* that 85 per cent of the white male population of the United States had sexual relations before marriage.¹ An earlier study by K. B. Davis indicated that 26 per

¹ See p. 623 ff. for a review and interpretation of the Kinsey Report. — THE EDITORS

cent of 1200 unmarried women who had been questioned admitted homosexual practices. And of these admitting such practices, 11 per cent believed these practices had been important in preventing their marriages.

The well-known psychologist Lee R. Steiner states that "the problem of the lonely heart still remains in the scientific category of nobody's business." The emotional maladjustments of the unwed have not received the attention the problem warrants. But we have many sound reasons for believing many cases of singleness are preventable.

Psychiatrists know that overprotective mothers produce in their offspring what has come to be called "infantilization," or an inability to mature emotionally. Dr. L. C. Hermany of White Plains, N. Y., made a study of all persons convicted over a ten-year period in Westchester County for indecent exposure. He found that single males outnumbered married men, and that one of the main contributing factors seemed to be "excessive attachment to the mother," which was related to "shyness and reticence in the individual."

When bachelors and spinsters are asked, "Why haven't you married?" the replies will range from "Guess I'm too shy" and "Don't want to be tied down," to "Just haven't had time" and "I have to take care of my folks."

But these rationalizations will not fool the psychiatrist. He does not, for example, confuse shyness with gen-

tility; rather he understands it to be a symptom of some maladjustment, which may or may not be major, but which warrants investigation. The thinking of the psychiatrists is perhaps best illustrated by the late Dr. William Stekel of London, who had a 27-year-old bank cashier as a patient. The man could not cross a street without trembling with fear. In reporting the case, the doctor wrote that "He had never fallen in love. That aroused my suspicion. There must be some family fixation." Inquiry proved that the doctor's hypothesis was correct. The man's agoraphobia and bachelorhood were both related to a mother complex.

A female physician, Dr. O. Knopf, contended over a decade ago that the spinster comes from a home in which the male dominates, and that in childhood she had usually been the overobedient daughter. Other studies have noted that the spinster often shows conflicting desires to grow up and to remain childishly attached to one or more parents. Psychologist Kimball Young reports that "some of the difficulty of many unwed women is apparently their failure to develop a sufficiently strong 'generalized other'—or central rôle for themselves—one on which they can operate as mature persons."

Repressed—and sometimes overt—homosexuality is believed to be a root cause of many instances of bachelorhood. Daniel G., a 34-year-old bachelor social worker, found himself pursued by a male relief client. In-

stead of thwarting the client, he found himself not resenting the pursuit, and he eventually allowed it to culminate in relations with the client. Stricken with fear, he appealed to a psychiatrist to save him. The psychiatrist learned that Daniel G. was an only child, brought up by a doting father who had divorced his wife. The father, a well-known writer, had imbued him with a horror of sex. Psychiatry was able in this case successfully to treat the patient, who married shortly afterward.

The time to prevent such emotional complications is in childhood. Dr. Nathan W. Ackerman, a well-known psychiatrist, points out that some people "fear love," and that though they may yearn for it, they are in the end unable to accept it. When their fears are analyzed and explained, their frigidity, impotence and aversion to marriage often ends.

Consider the case of Mr. B., a handsome, 47-year-old man with a good job. Mr. B. explained that he could not marry because he had to care for his invalid father. This conscientious-sounding explanation did not impress the psychiatrist. He made a thorough-going probe and learned that Mr. B. failed even to make friends with women. Eventually the patient revealed that he had a deeply-rooted hatred of his mother dating back to his early childhood. Mr. B. had unknowingly twisted this emotional reaction into a hatred for all women. This explained why, when he met a woman, he lost his normal

geniality, became cold, sarcastic, tense and nervous. This particular case had a happy ending. After prolonged treatment Mr. B. was cured: he sent his psychiatrist a wedding announcement soon afterwards.

IV

Many of our spinsters and bachelors are found, upon close examination, to feel that they are rejected, depressed and insecure. They are egocentrics, they are stricken by feelings of guilt concerning early sex delinquencies. Psychologist Lee R. Steiner, who made a thoroughgoing investigation of lonely heart clubs, marriage-haters and the phony marriage counselors who prey on the unwed, says: "One cannot ignore the fact that thousands of people need assistance in overcoming their loneliness. Nobody knows why they are lonely, because no one has studied them. We can't say whether they lack opportunity to meet people; whether they have emotional maladjustments; or a combination of both."

The spinster is plagued with numerous personal difficulties arising from complex social and biological factors. She feels she has failed to meet the social ideal of marrying and producing children. She is often aware of a lower status as measured by income and prestige; she suffers from feelings of inferiority and loneliness. Psychologists are aware that these feelings produce resentment and various compensatory attitudes and behaviors. This is why we find spinsters

flaring up suddenly in an angry temper, or overcome by anxieties, or escaping into melancholia. Kimball Young explains: "Among the gravest temptations to the woman faced ever more obviously with spinsterhood is to regress to childish and early adolescent modes of action and attitude."

The unwed must find outlets for their love impulses, and when they avoid sexual practices of one type or another, they can usually be found substituting work interests. Such jobs as nursing, child-welfare work and teaching afford the spinster socially approved means of sublimation. An important work, *The Single Woman*, by Dickinson and Beam, records that in half of the cases of spinsters studied the women were employed "in ways which stress the mother pattern." Psychologists understand too that worship and prayer afford an excellent release, and that hobbies and art can also be helpful in providing substitutes.

Sociologists and physicians agree that marriage represents a better adaptation to life, physically and mentally, than does bachelorhood or spinsterhood. Ben Franklin expressed it graphically when he wrote, "A single man has not nearly the value he would have in a state of union. He is an incomplete animal. He resembles the odd half of a pair of scissors." The same thought has been expressed in other languages. Hungarians say, "An old maid is like an unposted letter." Russians compare a bachelor to a "man in winter without a fur cap."

Francis Bacon, who wrote about the subject with more facility than insight, said that marriage is an impediment to great enterprises. But even the most cursory check on the leaders of industry, government and the arts demonstrates how false this is. The bachelor rarely rises to distinction. Only one American President — James Buchanan — was a bachelor. People distrust the unmarried in public office. And in our scientific laboratories, where one might expect to find a large number of introverted individuals, the leaders in the field are married. Madame Curie, Professor Einstein, Karl Compton and Vannevar Bush were not impeded by their marriages.

Go through the list of our war leaders — Churchill, Attlee, Eisenhower, Roosevelt. All were married. Our great musical conductors — Stokowski, Toscanini and Koussevitsky — are married. Helen Hayes and Ingrid Bergman, two leading ladies of the theatre, are married and their home lives have certainly not impaired their respective careers. In the families of the Fords, Rockefellers and Morgans, there are few bachelors and spinsters. Significantly, even our great philosophers, John Dewey and Bertrand Russell, have not avoided wedded life. The Susan B. Anthonys and Sarah Bernhardts and Florence Nightingales, who achieved greatness despite their unwedded lives, are few indeed.

The notion that marriage interferes with a career is one of the major mis-

conceptions of our time. It permeates the thinking even of many men and women who are married. Take, for example, Ed. B., married twelve years, a traveling salesman who gets home about once a month. Meet him over a drink in the club-car of a train and he'll sigh, "A man who is on the road all the time oughtn't to get married." What he really means is that a man who wants to be "on the road" all the time ought not to get married. If a man wants a happy home life more than he wants to ramble around the country, he will effect some compromise. But Ed, like so many others, suffers from a rooted feeling of insecurity. He fears that if he gave up his traveling job he would not be able to make as much money. Basically, he lacks self-confidence in his talents. Many other people blame marriage for their own commercial or artistic failures. It is always easier to talk of the onus of marriage than to admit one's own deficiencies.

V

The scientists say there is a good psychological reason why marriage is needed more now than at any time in recent history. We are living in a neonomadic world; we change our place of residence often; we are on the move. Formerly our home base was the house we lived in; today this is no longer so. We may be working in New York City one month and in Chicago or San Francisco a short time later. Thus the only real base we have is wherever our husbands or wives are.

Frightened by increases in the number of bachelors and spinsters, and the consequent dwindling birth rate, many nations throughout the course of history have attempted to make single life unattractive. The ancient Hebrews, obeying the Biblical injunction to "increase and multiply," invoked a special curse on bachelors. The Spartans were rather more severe. They forbade bachelors to witness the gymnastic exercises of the maidens. This ban had little effect on the marriage rate, so a further penalty was inflicted. Unwed males were forced to march naked around the marketplace once a year, meanwhile chanting a song expressing the justice of their punishment. But the bachelors still seemed to prefer the exposure to matrimony. The spinsters of Miletus, on the other hand, were not very happy about their fate. Plutarch tells us that so many of them committed suicide that a law had to be enacted specifying that the body of every spinster who ended her existence would be exposed naked in the streets of her native city.

History seems to advise us not to invoke penalties. You cannot tax or harass men and women into marriage. We can, however, reduce unnecessary abstention from marriage by providing a greater measure of economic security for young men and women. The effectiveness of this type of approach can be seen in the large number of weddings among veterans who were guaranteed college tuition and a measure of subsistence.

Our Old World ancestors relied on two devices, the arranged marriage and the dowry, to keep young men and women from leading what was considered an abnormal life. We could never sell American youth on the notion of parent-arranged matrimony, but the dowry seems a wholesome and sensible enough measure which perhaps could be instituted with some modifications. The *dot* should be contributed equally by parents of both the brides and grooms (the modern young lady would probably not tolerate the idea of having a husband bought for her). The dowry should be considered merely as a replacement for an inherited estate in later life, and not as a bribe. It should not be a gift but a debt of honor, to be repaid to the next generation.

The emotional tangles and knots into which youngsters tie themselves

could be unraveled if we had enough qualified psychiatrists in each community to guide them. Many of the hidden anxieties and fears of single men and women could be eliminated by patient counseling. We need more psychiatrists who will take time off from ministering to the needs of neurotic, wealthy old ladies to devote themselves to the problems of the young.

Our bachelors and spinsters are society's errors. Somewhere along the line we have failed to produce the necessary environment and guidance. Yet our country blithely ignores the shattered lives of its unmarried men and women. We eagerly set up programs to end shortages in meat, grains, paper and lumber. But the deficit in males is ignored and the problem of our unmarried is dropped with a sally.

AFFINITY

BY BARBARA TRUE

As the willow reaches down to kiss the river,
And the seagull holds the sea against his heart,
So I press the Universe against my cheek
And love all that of which I am a part!

WARREN OF CALIFORNIA

BY OLIVER CARLSON

IT WAS the first Presidential election year after the War. The Democrats had been in office for many years, but they no longer had their wartime leader. The Republicans, sensing victory in the air at long last, were unable to decide among three formidable candidates; the governor of a great state, a United States Senator and a famous army general.

The Republicans' great convention stadium was filled to capacity with sweating delegates and visitors as the balloting see-sawed back and forth, with first one candidate taking the lead, then another. By the time the ninth ballot had been taken it was obvious that a permanent stalemate had been reached. The party bosses of the big city and state delegations began seriously looking about for possible compromise candidates. Hurried consultations were held, the various considerations in favor of this or that candidate were examined, and in the end it became apparent that the most likely prospect was a tall, handsome, amiable man, a man with whom many Republican voters were not very familiar.

The convention grew taut; excitement mounted minute by minute. Everyone knew a break was near. Finally, the name of the dark horse was submitted. Almost before the delegates realized it, he had won the Republican nomination. It was obvious that he would be the next President of the United States.

The above is not prophecy; it is history. The time was immediately after World War I. The place was Chicago in June of 1920. The three leading Republican candidates were Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, Senator Hiram Johnson of California and General Leonard Wood. The dark horse candidate who was nominated, and subsequently elected, was Warren Gamaliel Harding of Ohio.

There is an excellent prospect that history will repeat itself when the Republicans assemble in national convention at Philadelphia in June. This time, too, the Democrats have long been in control of the Administration. Franklin D. Roosevelt is dead; Woodrow Wilson was completely incapacitated. There is the same three-

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cornered race for the GOP nomination; this time the chief candidates are Governor Dewey, Senator Taft and General MacArthur. Among the many dark horse candidates, the strongest by far will be Governor Earl Warren of California.

At first glance it would not appear that Warren had much chance for the nomination. Unlike Governor Dewey, he does not have a well-oiled, smoothly functioning machine to work for him. Unlike Senator Taft, he is in no position to remain constantly in the news or to influence national legislation. He does not have the prestige and glamor that have accrued to General MacArthur. And unlike Harold Stassen, he has not had time to barnstorm the country, appear on dozens of radio programs, address mass meetings, write magazine articles and books, or interview Josef Stalin. A Gallup Poll taken a year ago showed that a majority of Republican voters did not care much one way or another about Warren: 14 per cent had "no opinion" about the man, and (what was worse) 38 per cent were "not familiar with" him.

If the Republican voters are not much excited about Warren, neither, at this time, are the party bosses. Harding at least was a party "regular"; Warren is not. His mentality is too much that of the "conscientious public servant." In the five years since he took office as Governor of California he has done virtually nothing for the party hacks in the

state. He has insisted that competence, rather than mere party "regularity," was the qualification he would require in his appointments. One Republican leader, who preferred to remain anonymous, told me:

A lot of our boys find Warren hard to get along with; party expediency never counts much with him. So far as he's concerned, every proposal is either "good" or "bad" on its own merits. I admit he's easy to talk to and a good listener, but once he's made up his mind all hell can't change it. He'll even buck his own party if he wants to, as he's done several times, unfortunately. He's a dead ringer for old Hiram Johnson.

C. J. (Neil) Haggerty, a leading California Democrat who is also Executive Secretary of the State Federation of Labor, and who is certainly not a Warren man, told me much the same thing:

The Governor is always willing to listen to arguments on both sides of an issue. He will read and study anything relevant to the case. But he has a strong sense of moral right, and if what you propose doesn't square with that, heaven help you! He can be as stubborn as an old mule. . . .

I've differed with him, of course, but I'm convinced his outlook is always based on a broad conception of the public interest, not on partisanship. He doesn't seem to be concerned much with his own political future. I've seen him fight bitterly against his own party, against the state medical lobby, against the real estate boys and against the oil lobby when he felt they were blocking legislation he thought was necessary for the people of California. Once, I remember, I told him that there seemed to be only three of us in all Sacramento who really wanted the Unemployment Insurance Act amended

so that payments could be made for disability and illness.

"Who are the three?" Warren asked, grinning.

"You, your honor, State Senator Jack Shelley of San Francisco and myself," I said rather gloomily.

He wasn't the least bit disheartened. He suggested we follow the advice his old football coach had once given him: when you can't break through the line you run around the end. Play hard and hope for the breaks.

If Warren is not one of the Republicans' glamor boys, and if he is not a good organization man, what reason, then, is there to expect that he stands a chance for the Presidential nomination this June? There is only one reason, but it is a good one: Warren has proved himself a phenomenal vote-getter. For the past ten years he has been massacring Democrats in an overwhelmingly Democratic state.

It could, of course, be argued, that with Henry Wallace in the field the Republicans can win with anyone not absolutely proved a murderer; and that for this reason they can be expected to seize upon a reliable party man. But it is not quite as simple as that. The Republican high command has to reckon with the possibility that Wallace, despite his protestations to the contrary, will withdraw from the campaign. This might happen if (1) the Democrats nominated a liberal, like Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, or (2) if we went to war, or appeared on the verge of war, with the Soviet Union. Even if the unpredictable Mr. Wallace remains in

the race, either of these two contingencies would cut heavily into his drawing power; and the Republicans would again be forced to turn to a proved vote-getter.

II

In 1938, when California politics appeared to be dominated by two elements—New Dealism, led by State Senator Culbert L. Olson, and the Thirty-Dollars-Every-Thursday movement, led by the ineffable Francis Townsend—Earl Warren filed for the job of State Attorney General. The once-powerful Republican organization in California at that time appeared moribund. In 1932 California Republican voters had outnumbered the Democrats; in 1934 the two parties were about equal; and in 1938 the Democrats were more numerous by several hundred thousand.

When the votes were counted that November, Earl Warren was discovered to be the only Republican in the state who had survived in the Democratic landslide. He had won by a comfortable majority, and had overnight become the most important Republican in the state.

By 1940 the Democrats had 900,000 more registered voters in California than the Republicans; Roosevelt carried the state with ease. By 1942 the Democratic margin was even greater, and Governor Olson appeared invincible in his campaign for re-election. Against the advice of his friends and political advisers,

Warren announced himself a candidate for governor.

In the gubernatorial campaign Warren displayed his unorthodox Republicanism and political agility for the first time. He began by informing the voters that he was a "non-partisan" candidate, and added:

I am a Republican, but as has been the practice with candidates for California state office for 30 years, I shall seek the support of the people of both parties. I can do this honorably because I am an independent, and therefore [am] in a position to serve the people fairly, regardless of their politics or mine.

This would not have been so bad had Warren not added that he did not feel committed to support any of the other state candidates put forth by the Republican party. The party bosses were outraged, but they had no choice; they could not very well attack their own gubernatorial candidate. The Democrats, however, tore into Warren with a venomous fury that was unusual even in the jungle of California politics. They denounced him as a tool of Hoover and Hearst, as a spokesman for the most reactionary interests in the state, as a crypto-Nazi. Democratic campaign leaflets charged that Warren was "opposed to the unity of all nations fighting Hitler" and that "there will be rejoicing in Berlin and Tokyo and Rome if Warren is elected." Headlines announced that WARREN ECHOES HITLER LINE.

Warren remained pretty much unperturbed, and it soon became obvi-

ous his "non-partisan" approach had tremendous popular appeal. The Democratic machine began to come apart, as large groups of Democrats went over to Warren. Help from Washington was to no avail. The outcome was clear two weeks before the election. Warren carried every county in the state and won by 342,000.

Overnight, Warren had become one of the brightest stars in the Republican firmament. Any man who could win so easily against such overwhelming odds was obviously Presidential or Vice-Presidential timber. Political reporters from the big Eastern and mid-Western press rushed out to interview him. Campaign managers, thinking forward to 1944, also began looking him over. So, too, did the other potential Presidential candidates of the Republican party. Warren was named keynote speaker at the 1944 national convention. He was glad to fill the position because it formally established him as a national figure and gave him a good measure of free publicity. But he knew that his own chances for the Presidential nomination, and his party's chances for victory in November, were not good. When Tom Dewey's managers offered him second place on the ticket he turned it down.

He excused himself by affirming that his first loyalty was to the voters of California, who had elected him governor and expected him to serve out his term. This pious sentiment naturally fooled no one, least of all Governor Dewey (whose term still

had two years to run), and it understandably irritated the Republican leaders, who criticized Warren for putting personal ambitions ahead of the party's welfare. When Dewey campaigned on the Pacific Coast, Warren received him politely, but then contracted a severe cold which prevented his making more than one speech for the Republican candidate.

From his own point of view, Warren was unquestionably acting wisely. He had surveyed the prospects with characteristic cold-bloodedness and decided that his time could not come until 1948. By then, he believed, the war would be over and the peace made, and the problems confronting the United States would be susceptible to treatment by a good administrator. In the meantime he could serve four more years as governor, and thus offer the national electorate more substantial reasons for electing him.

Warren's success in the 1946 gubernatorial campaign was of epic dimensions. After Culbert Olson had been defeated in 1942 he lost control of the state Democratic organization to a group of men led by Robert W. Kenny. Many of the new Democratic leaders, especially Kenny, had been active in Communist-front organizations, and were not acceptable to a large proportion of Democratic voters. When Kenny announced, early in 1946, that he intended to run for governor, a host of prominent Democrats instantly declared that they would then be obliged to give their support to Earl Warren.

Under California law, cross-filing in primary elections is legal. Warren filed for governor in both the Republican and Democratic primaries, and Kenny did likewise. Harry Bridges, the *Peoples' World* and the CIO Political Action Committee supported Kenny. But the AFL, which outnumbers the CIO by four to one in California, gave its backing to Warren.

Warren won on both tickets. He won the Republican nomination by more than 700,000 votes and the Democratic by more than 60,000. It was the most devastating defeat ever suffered by the California Democratic party; technically, at least, the one man most hated and feared by the Democrats was now the leader of their state organization. The November election was a mere formality.

The governor did not announce his Presidential candidacy until November 1947, but from the day he won the California Democratic primary he was indisputably a man to be feared by other Republican candidates. Warren's supporters could point out that in 1944 Dewey carried but two Western states, Colorado and Wyoming (with only 9 electoral votes between them). But California, Oregon and Washington (with 39 votes) would certainly vote for Warren; and Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Idaho and Montana (18 votes) could probably be counted on. The more enthusiastic Warren supporters claim that he would carry every state west of the Mississippi.

III

The great mystery about Earl Warren is — how does he get the votes? It can be assumed, as a general rule, that a successful political leader must have one of three things: (1) his ideas must be able to excite large segments of the electorate; or (2) his personality must be especially attractive; or (3) he must have a large, well-organized machine. Franklin Roosevelt, unquestionably the most successful politician of this century, had all three. Warren has none of them.

His ideas are distinguished by their lack of originality and their avoidance of extremes. Warren rarely commits a howler, rarely says anything that his opponents can deride as stupid. But he rarely says anything very exciting either. A few illustrations should make this clear.

On foreign affairs, in general, he believes:

There is no longer a clear line of demarcation between our foreign and our domestic affairs. They are interrelated to a degree which makes consideration of one without the other impossible. . . . In our concern with international affairs we must not lose sight of the necessity of keeping America an inspiration for the freedom-loving peoples of the world. For these people, our example of a healthy, working democracy will mean even more than the principles we espouse.

On the Marshall Plan:

No nation can be healthy in an unhealthy world. We must help those nations that are endeavoring to retain their national integrity through the processes of free

government, while striving at the same time, to rehabilitate their war-torn economies. We must do this both on the grounds of common humanity and also as a matter of enlightened self-interest. . . . There are two phases to this problem; one, to relieve destitution; the other, to make the stricken countries self-sustaining. To undertake the former without a sound plan for the latter would eventually weaken our own economy without strengthening theirs. Mere subsistence is not rehabilitation. Neither will it prevent the spread of Communism. Any plan adopted must both strengthen the aided countries and, at the same time, not weaken ours.

On war with Russia:

Russian Communism is a form of aggression that is bludgeoning its way across state borders and into the lives of nations who want nothing more than the opportunity to work out their own problems without outside domination. I do not believe that vacillation, expediency or appeasement on our part will avoid trouble with Russia. Yet I am not one who believes that war with Russia is "just around the corner." We may not be able to avoid such a conflict — there are too many factors over which we have no control. But we can delay and perhaps avoid it by frankness, forbearance and good will.

On the Taft-Hartley Act:

The law may have certain provisions that are unconstitutional, but if so, the Courts will decide. Other provisions may be poorly drawn. These can, and undoubtedly will, be modified by further acts of Congress. Those which are good and workable will be enforced and, in due time, accepted even by organized labor as good and necessary. Those which are bad or unworkable will fall by the wayside.

On the rights of organized labor:

I firmly believe that American workers have the right to organize into unions of their choosing, to bargain freely and on equal terms with their employers, and to strike for better economic conditions. These rights must be jealously guarded. On the other hand, any organization or group of organizations, with perhaps millions of dues-paying members, and whose power affects our entire national economy, must be subject to whatever regulation is needed to protect the welfare of the public as a whole.

It would not be fair to say that Warren has no mind of his own — no one can accuse a man who has bucked his own party as often as he has of being a lickspittle. But fundamentally he is an administrator rather than a thinker. When he sets out to formulate his own ideas he usually ends up by hashing over the views of others, and serving up the final product in a manner that will be inoffensive to everyone. George Creel once remarked that “no audience has ever been brought to its feet by a Warren speech — but on the other hand, no audience has ever walked out on him.”

That about sums it up. His speeches are factual, well-reasoned, simple in structure and easy to follow. They are totally lacking in flights of oratory, vindictiveness and humor; they are usually pretty dull. Warren himself is moved by cold reason rather than emotion, and his public statements reflect a conviction that the voters make their decisions in the same way.

It is impossible to pigeonhole Warren in any of the standard political

categories: he is not a “liberal,” “progressive” or “conservative.” His approach to specific political problems is empirical rather than ideological. He fought hard for such “liberal” legislation as his Pre-Paid Medical Insurance Bill, which was ultimately beaten by his own party. But he is stoutly “conservative” when it comes to expanding the powers of the Federal government or tampering with private enterprise. “It is my view,” he said, “that the nation cannot go along much longer with the expansion of Federal control over industry and the lives of individuals without departing completely from the original concept and purposes of our democracy.”

Warren is at his weakest in foreign affairs. His public duties, of course, have never required a knowledge of, or dealings with, foreign governments. He was born and brought up on the West Coast, which, until Pearl Harbor, was traditionally isolationist. But Californian isolationism evaporated quickly during the war, and Warren, for the first time, began to do some serious thinking about world problems. By 1943 he had come to the conclusion that the United States must join an international alliance to preserve and guarantee world peace; he also went on record in favor of an international tribunal to arbitrate disputes between nations. Today he is expressing doubts about the UN’s ability to keep the peace. In every case, the record reveals that his statements on foreign affairs have followed, rather than led, public opinion.

IV

For an apt comment on Warren's personality we can again quote George Creel, who found in the governor

no trace of the personal magnetism claimed by his admirers. The effect that he gives is one of solidness and dependability, rather than color and excitement, and while people like him there is in it none of the passion stirred by Theodore Roosevelt, but rather the friendly liking for a neighbor.

Physically, Warren is an imposing man. He is six feet tall, weighs some 200 pounds and is in excellent physical shape; he could easily have stepped out of a patent medicine advertisement for men. People generally feel comfortable in his presence.

Warren is softspoken, calm, amiable, eminently sure of himself. From his point of view, it is a pity that he has no ability to arouse violent enthusiasms, because people who get to know him invariably like him. He is a devoted family man, whose wife gives her full time to caring for the governor and their five children. There is a disarming simplicity about Warren, which emerges even in his little quirks. (He remarked to me once that he never discussed the subject of crime with his children.) His background is politically perfect: son of a hardworking Norwegian immigrant, brought up in a small town (Bakersfield, California), attended public schools, sold newspapers, worked on a railroad, put himself through college by doing manual

labor, served in the first World War (he went in a private and came out a first lieutenant), studied law, passed the bar examination and entered the Oakland City Attorney's office. At that time his ambition was to become a great trial lawyer.

He got into politics almost by accident. In 1920, when he was 29 years old, he was appointed deputy district attorney of Alameda County. Then, as he told me:

Experiences came so thick and fast that I just didn't seem to be able to quit. One day, quite suddenly, our district attorney resigned. The Board of Supervisors — on purely personal grounds, I'm sure, because I was taking no part in politics at the time — appointed me to fill the unexpired term. By the time the next election came up, I decided to try for the job on the basis of my record. I won. Almost in spite of myself, I was in politics.

Warren's rise from district attorney to governor to Presidential candidate runs strangely parallel to Dewey's. Like Dewey, he got his first big publicity break in the prosecution of racketeers. In 1936 there was an undeclared war on the San Francisco waterfront, with Harry Bridges' longshoremen and the shipowners both employing private goon squads and strong-arm methods. Finally a man named George Alberts, the chief engineer of the S. S. Pt. Lobos, was brutally bludgeoned and knifed to death one night, while his ship lay docked at an Alameda terminal. Alberts had been violently anti-union, but at first nothing could be pinned on any union officials.

Warren moved in on the case and began working hard. A few months later he brought in indictments against Earl King, Ernest Ramsey and Frank Conner, three prominent union officials; they were charged with hiring the killers. Bridges and his subordinates instantly raised cries of persecution and launched a terrific campaign of abuse against Warren. Several thousand screaming pickets serpentine their way around the court house every day of the dramatic 90-day trial. But neither Warren nor the jury was intimidated. The men were found guilty.

It would be difficult to name another politician in the country who has got as far as Warren with less assistance from a political machine. Warren has actually advanced himself by working the way the uninitiated think all politicians work. He has no "board of strategy," official or unofficial.

I have no special political advisors to whisper words of wisdom into my ears [he told me]. I do have and know many competent specialists in fields such as agriculture, industry, commerce and transportation, whose opinions I seek whenever problems within their range call for decisions by me. . . .

My policy has been — and is — one of deciding, first of all which problems are most urgent; and second, how they can best be resolved. I try to meet, evaluate and solve the problems as they arise. I try never to let my day-to-day decisions be colored by considerations of what these decisions may mean at the next general election.

This saintly formula for political success has been derided by Warren's opponents (Culbert Olson once called him "the slickest politician I ever met"), but it corresponds pretty closely to the governor's actual technique. He works phenomenally hard. His reading consists almost entirely of books and articles on problems of politics and administration; since he left the district attorney's office he has not even read crime news. Nor does he read any fiction or murder mysteries. He told me several months ago that he always keeps between ten and twenty books by his bedside, which he dips into before going to sleep.

His political record has been spotless. There has never been a whisper of scandal about Warren, or about any of his major appointees for that matter. He carefully reads all letters and public statements issued in his name (which is unusual for a man in his position), and he does not rely on his subordinates to brief him on departmental reports; he reads them himself.

Warren is not a brilliant man; it is doubtful that he has it in him to be a great leader of men. But there are few men in public life who are more decent or hard-working. Warren could never turn into a rabble-rouser and he could never become a cipher; in many ways he is the ideal politician for a democracy. Whether he would make a good President would depend pretty much on the times. In the crisis year 1948 decency might not be enough.

THE THREE SIRENS OF PORTLAND

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

NONE of the three was particularly fair to look upon, yet they came to be called the Three Sirens and doubtless earned the title at their respective places of business in the Oregon city of Portland. Customers and police knew them as Liverpool Liz, Mary Cook and Nancy Boggs; and on occasion they were called by other names, though they seemed not to mind.

Of the trio Liz, who was born Elizabeth Smith in Liverpool, England, about 1850, was the best business woman. Nancy Boggs, an American, was the toughest. Mary Cook was unique in that she did her own bouncing — this in a day when bouncing was no genteel matter.

The time was from the late 1870s until a little after 1900. Portland was already old, as age goes in the Far West, but it was easily the liveliest port on the Northwest coast. Grain came here in a flood from the inland counties for shipment to the world. Eighteen big sawmills along the waterfront whined and clattered night and day. Windjammers were always in the harbor waiting to pick up cargo, while their crews cavorted on shore. Loggers arrived in droves to have their dental work done. It was a rich claim for any progressive busi-

ness woman to work. The Three Sirens were progressive and they were hard workers.

Where Mary Cook was born or even where she died is regrettably not known. But she was, certainly, an able and hardy character, a beehemoth of a girl weighing more than two hundred pounds and standing, in her red morocco slippers, a full six feet. She had a consuming urge to be dainty, and veterans of the time and place tell me she was indeed graceful, except perhaps when she was throwing around the crockery and bar glasses.

Mary's establishment was named the Ivy Green, and though a few disgruntled customers said a prefix, namely "Poison," should be added, it was no worse than any combination saloon-brothel, and perhaps considerably better. The Ivy Green catered to sailors and lumberjacks, but it was not exclusive, and most any male with a few dollars was tolerated.

Mary was an excellent greeter. She liked to stand just inside the swinging doors, and smoke big, black cigars while she welcomed the boys. As a blower of smoke-rings she had no equal, male or female, and if you held out a forefinger toward her, she would blow three neat rings around

it, for good luck. If urged, Mary put on her Scotchman-smoking act. She'd blow a single ring, let it drift some three or four feet away, then go after it with her mouth wide open, and swallow it. This amused the customers no end and Mary never tired of it.

Although Mary was good-natured, even jolly, she was a stickler for keeping what she said was good order in the Ivy Green. I should like to have been in her establishment on that gorgeous evening in 1896 when Mary took in hand a celebrated local character by name of John P. Sullivan. This fellow was a part-time logger and a part-time fighter who claimed to be a nephew of the great Boston Strong Boy. He came into Mary's place one night and took on a few. When the bar was well filled he announced himself. "I can," he said, "lick any son of a bitch in the place."

Nobody said anything. Mary herself had just blown a neat ring, but now she let it drift. All was quiet for a moment. John P. Sullivan glared at the crowd. "I can," he repeated in a loud voice, "lick any son of a bitch in the place."

Now Mary Cook spoke. "Does that apply to women too?" The voice was soprano, rather musical, but anybody short of a drunk could have detected an edge to it.

"I am talking about anybody — man, woman or devil," said John P. Sullivan, large as life.

Veterans among the barflies watched with anticipation approaching agony as Mary threw away her half-smoked

cheroot. She dusted her hands a bit, then ambled toward the great John P. Sullivan like a monstrous female moose. A friend of mine, the late Edward (Spider) Johnson, was among those present. "This Sullivan," he told me, "claimed to have wrestled with a shorthorn bull and to have broken the animal's neck. But the poor man — he did not know what was coming now."

John P. stood his ground as Mary approached, planning no doubt to slap the woman's face should she be so foolish as to attack him.

Walking up close to the big fighting-man Mary put her face near his. "Listen," she said, and her voice was like unto jasper, "listen, you mug, have I gotta make an example of you?"

John P. Sullivan started to say something, what no one ever will know, for at that instant the cyclone that was Mary Cook struck him. She grabbed him by his two prominent ears and twirled him around like a top. Next, she applied one heavy hand to Sullivan's coat collar, the other to the seat of his pants. She picked him up bodily from the floor. She turned and heaved, and John P. flew almost the length of the room, hitting the floor just short of the swinging doors.

"Not so good," Mary remarked with a deep sigh. With four long strides she was standing over the fallen man. Again she applied the Ivy Green hold, only this time she picked him up and held him aloft, as if offer-

ing a supplication. "Open the doors, some of you dingbats," she commanded. Wide swung the doors, and then with a truly mighty heave Mary sent John P. Sullivan skidding along the sidewalk, a thing composed of two-inch Douglas fir and abristle with long splinters caused by the calked boots of hundreds of loggers. I have heard that no less than three hundred pieces of wood were extracted from the rear and flanks of John P. Sullivan, who never again made unseemly remarks in the Ivy Green.

"I hated to do it," Mary moaned, in reference to the incident, "I hated to do it, but I just gotta keep my refectory a decent place for gentlemen."

II

Liverpool Liz was no amazon, but she was husky enough for her height, which was about five feet two inches. She was well known for the necklace she wore upon almost all occasions. It was a rugged hunk of jewelry, so large and heavy that nobody ever thought of it as a bauble; and at the end of the enormous golden links hung a cluster of great diamonds. Her limey accent was rich and heavy, and she was a favorite with seamen, the majority of whom in that era were British.

Liz called her place the Senate saloon. The street-level part was actually a saloon. Upstairs she kept her stable of female entertainers, whose number varied according to conditions in the harbor and in the logging

woods. At the back end of the bar were a couple of steps that led up to a small platform. In the ceiling was a hole. When drinks were wanted upstairs, the order would be shouted down, and one of the barkeeps would mix the order and hand the drinks up through the aperture. Why Liz, who was progressive in other respects, never installed a dumbwaiter is beyond knowing. Bartenders disliked the system and complained, but it was never changed.

There was, however, a modern bell system at the bar which Liz found useful on occasion. Say that a customer came in, feeling happy, and saw there were only four or five men at the bar. He'd tell the barkeep to set 'em up for everybody. "Yes sir," the barkeep would reply, meanwhile pressing a button that rang a buzzer upstairs. Within a few seconds anywhere from six to a dozen girls, often with escorts, would troop down the back stairs and into the barroom, laughing, shouting for drinks, including champagne, which Liz kept especially for the gag. The poor sucker who had originally figured that "drinks for everybody" would run to not more than a dollar, thus found himself paying anywhere from five to twenty-five dollars. Liz said that it helped to pay the rent.

Yet Liverpool Liz was a pretty decent sort, and probably more honest than her customers had a right to expect. She never, it is said, permitted a drunk to be rolled in her place, upstairs or down. She had an enor-

mous safe — with an oil painting of Niagara Falls on the outside door — in which she kept the cash and valuables of her customers. This wasn't a racket. The logger or seaman who was overburdened with money and who hoped to make it last for a week or two, turned over such surplus as he wished to Liz. She put it in a manila envelope, sealed it and wrote the man's name on the cover. It was then put into the safe. Even if her place did get most of it in the end, the customer was grateful. He had not been rolled, and the system, moreover, did tend to make his stake last longer. Hundreds of loggers and seamen went away to tout the honesty of Liverpool Liz, and to return to her place when opportunity offered.

Although the record is far from clear, talk has it that Liz was married two or three times. If so, none of them could have lasted, for she appears to have run her place pretty much with a lone hand. One of her noted bouncers was a character called Tattoo Kelly. He had blue and red eagles tattooed all over his body and had once been an inmate of a side-show. He had also been a sailor, an English sailor; and had done a little fighting. He got enough of the latter in the Senate saloon to keep him in trim; but eventually he murdered a man and was sent to the penitentiary.

If Liz had been content with her Senate she might have died a wealthy old harlot. But when the bicycle craze came along somebody talked her into buying a piece of suburban

property and making it into a bicycle track, which she called Evergreen park. Right in the middle of her property she set up a saloon. This was probably an error of judgment, for parents of young cyclists did not approve of saloons in conjunction with playgrounds. Then the bicycle craze passed, and Liz was left holding property into which she had put much of her savings.

Finally, the Senate, on which her small fortune was founded, began to know days and nights when scarcely a seaman showed up for entertainment. The winged ships were passing, and the steam vessels carried fewer men into Portland.

And so at last the Senate closed its doors, and Liz herself died not long after, of pneumonia. She was given decent Christian burial in Portland's Lone Fir cemetery, in a grave not far from that of Jim Turk, who had made a business of shanghaiing men, and who had often coordinated his activities with those of Liverpool Liz and Nancy Boggs.

III

It was said of Nancy Boggs that she invented the whisky-scow. This is probably a debatable subject, in which I am not especially interested, but it is a fact that in 1880 Miss Boggs was the owner and proprietor of a floating hellhole that was anchored in the Willamette river, which is Portland's harbor. At that time there were two cities, Portland and East Portland, with the river between

them, each seeking to outdo the other. The lovely and alert Miss Boggs, learning that there was some doubt as to who should administer the law in the harbor, sought to make capital of the situation.

Dredging up sufficient cash to purchase an old sawdust scow, she had erected on its deck a two-story house. The lower section provided for the devotees of Bacchus and Terpsichore, the upper was devoted wholly to Venus. She painted it bright green and stationed it in the middle of the river. In the meantime she had stocked it with the best she could find of what came in bottles and corsets.

Miss Boggs' floating palace of sin was a success from the night it opened. On both east and west shores she stationed boatmen-pimps charged with seducing, then rowing customers to the middle of the stream, where Nancy and her girls took care of the rest. Now and then, some drunk would fall into the water, on occasion to drown; but on the whole the thing worked out very well. If the East Portland cops, in a moment of virtue, set out to raid the place, Miss Boggs, always forewarned, simply upped anchor and moved the scow nearer the Portland shore and thus into the jurisdiction of that city. It also worked in reverse order.

Then, in 1882, came one of those great moral waves that sweep over American cities every decade or so. Egged on by reformers, the police of both Portland and East Portland made a combined raid on the scow.

Do not for a moment believe Miss Boggs was not ready. She herself in person met the combined police forces with hose in hand, and out of the hose issued terrific blasts of steam straight from the scow's heating plant. Cursing and screaming like all the Harpies alive, Nancy poured live steam over the bluecoats, who got out of there quickly.

Returning to their respective stations, the policemen applied grease to their burns while their superiors considered what to do. Eventually they got an idea. Along in the dark of next morning, some unnamed policeman in a rowboat very quietly cut the manila ropes midway between deck and anchor, and Miss Boggs' scow started on a wild trip downstream. The river was high, just then, and filled with eddies and whirlpools. Miss Boggs was aroused to find her houseboat spinning slowly in mid-river, heading straight out toward the Pacific ocean.

A woman of decision and quick action, Miss Boggs first attempted to wake the one man on board. But he was still heavy in his cups. So, bidding her frightened girls be calm, Nancy lowered away a small rowboat, got into it, and rowed as for dear life to the shore at Albina, an East Portland suburb. There, with great speed, she awoke a stern-wheeler captain and talked him into immediate action. He roused his crew and, with Nancy aboard, they set out to get lines to the heaving scow. Then, with Nancy standing staunch and bold as a figure-

head at the head of her scow, it was towed back upstream and anchored at its accustomed and proper place in the middle of Portland harbor. I doubt that it was gone long enough to have lost a dollar in trade.

Miss Boggs continued in business until conditions warranted a move to dry land, and even there she did very well, it is said, but with less gusto than in her scow days.

The Burnside Street bridge across the Willamette bears a marker telling

how the Messrs. Lewis & Clark, explorers, reached that point in their voyage up the Willamette. I think a small footnote could well grace the plaque. It would relate that here was anchored for several years what was doubtless the first whisky scow in all the Far West, operated for the refreshment of travelers and the benefit of Miss Nancy Boggs, able mariner and a notable grower of fine roses in the city whose slogan is: "For you a rose in Portland grows."

SONG FOR A MORNING DANCE

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

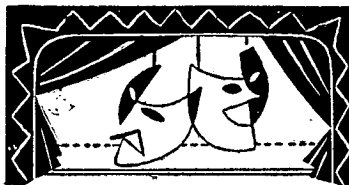
The earth spins,
Then stops and glides
From soft memory
To fierce eternity.

Chaos vanishes.
Infinity hops from
Breast to breast,
And every heartbreak
Bursts into
Mad oblivion.

Divine unreason
Corrodes all hope.
But woman's
Heaving smile
Echoes the early sun:
"All dreams
Are true and warm.
Spurn all thinking,
Love has no ending."

THE THEATRE

by *GEORGE JEAN NATHAN*



STRICTLY TRIVIA

WHENEVER, outside the theatre, I can not get to sleep at nights, I no longer count sheep, having found that that particular exercise in arithmetic does nothing to woo slumber, probably because of the bothersome agility of the animals and the touching look of sadness on their faces. What I presently count is something much more monotonous and immeasurably more auspicious as a soporific: the characters I have regularly encountered in the Broadway comedies. I lie down, close my eyes, and in no time I am fast in the arms of Morpheus.

There they parade in all their frozen doldrums: the smart divorcée with a train of husbands in her wake whose cynical banter is supposed to constitute such wit as hasn't been heard from a stage since the death of Congreve; the lady novelist who is admired by the other characters for her great womanly wisdom on the score of having written such epigrammatic profundities as "Marriage

is the death of love"; her suave publisher who professes to be done with the female sex but who is obviously doomed to marry his fair client in the last act; and the ingénue who, like her young swain with the rumpled hair and loosely knotted tie, gags at the sophistication and flippancy of the other members of the houseparty and wants only to settle down and have babies. To say nothing of the comedy household maid descendant of May Vokes; the society medico ever in immaculate habiliments and squirting manly charm who perches himself elegantly on chair arms and sofa ends and paternally counsels the ladies; the fluttery female nitwit interested in politics; the small boy devoted to the comic strips who makes his exits at top speed whooping like an Indian; and so on.

On only one occasion hasn't it worked. That was on the night I had had ten cups of after-dinner coffee. On that night, I began counting the stereotyped situations in the same comedies and I had not got beyond the one in which the men shake cock-

tails and consider their strategy against the women before I was happily sound asleep.

The critics have made so many jokes about stage butlers that playwrights now seem to be afraid to include one of them in their exhibits. Instead, they resort, safely they think, to maids. I don't like it. A household that properly should have a butler, however waywardly comical the character may be, is unconvincing when his place is taken by a female servant who generally looks as if she had been out in the kitchen cooking lamb stew and had whipped on a cap and apron to announce Sir Esme Paget-Finklebatten.

Many of our current playwrights feel that they have contrived something extra-commendable if they contain the action of their plays within a single day. Most often the time economy is transparently arbitrary and fraudulent. Drama in life on only the rarest occasions confines its course to 24 hours. Much more often it ploughs slowly over days, months and years before reaching its resolution.

If I were an actor, I should train myself to play the rôles of Chinamen. I have yet to see an actor who failed in such a rôle; it seems to be one of the easiest and surest, whether serious or comical, in the entire catalogue. True, I might not get many jobs, since plays and shows with Chinese rôles, unlike those in the past, are few and

far between. But when I did get one, I would know that I'd be certain to make a hit. If, on the other hand, I were an actress, I should look hard for rôles in which I would be a Salvation Army girl, and for the same reason. You think the remarks are silly? Look up the records for the last 75 years.

I have been accused of prejudice in my comprehensive distaste for and avoidance of the motion picture art which, its admirers sternly point out to me, has elements of beauty, intelligence, charm, sex appeal, etc., which I am missing. All that I can say in reply, if they are right, is that Lillian Russell was similarly endorsed for her beauty, intelligence, charm, sex appeal, etc., but that she was nevertheless not my type.

What often seems to impressionables to be symbolism in the plays of some contemporary playwrights is nothing but confusion of thought presented as deliberate intelligence.

I am frequently asked if I do not get bored going to the theatre night upon night after so many years. I notice that the questioner, who has trouble avoiding a trace of pity in his voice, is usually some man who has enthusiastically been going to a business office day after day for the same long length of time.

The line of dialogue in the Messrs. Lindsay's and Crouse's political play,

State of the Union, which was most admired by the critics and on which the authors were most highly complimented by them was, you may recall, "Let's stop thinking about the next election when we should be thinking about the next generation." On January 12, 1927, many years before, in a prayer offered by Glenn Frank, then president of the University of Wisconsin, at the fifty-eighth session of the state legislature, Dr. Frank said, "Save us from thinking about the next election when we should be thinking about the next generation."

I am surely not arguing for a return of the old-time cloak and sword and kindred dramatic balderdash, but there was something impressively romantic about its titles which has passed from the titles of plays today and which latter bring a suggestion of drabness into a medium whose very foundation is romance. Think, for example, of *In the Palace of the King*, *The Song of the Sword*, *The Pride of Jennico*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac*, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*, *Miranda of the Balcony*, *Under Southern Skies*, *Alice of Old Vincennes*, *The Helmet of Navarre*, *D'Arcy of the Guards*, *A Gentleman of France*, *The Sword of the King*, *My Lady Peggy Goes to Town*, *Hearts Courageous*, *The Proud Prince*, *John Ermine of the Yellowstone*, *The Pretty Sister of José*, *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*,

and *The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes*. Think also of *If I Were King*, *The Dagger and the Cross*, *The Fortunes of the King*, *The Prince Consort*, *A Parisian Romance*, *A Light from St. Agnes*, *A Blot on the 'Scuicheon*, *The Girl of the Golden West*, *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*, and *The Daughter of the Tumbrils*. And of *The Embassy Ball*, *The Prince of India*, *King Rene's Daughter*, *The Rose of the Rancho*, *The Belle of London Town*, *The Rose of the Alhambra*, *The Royal Box*, *When Knights Were Bold*, *The House of a Thousand Candles*, *The Flower of Yamato*, *The Royal Mounted*, and *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

Think of all such purple dandies, and now think of what we have got on theatre marquees in later years: *Is Zat So?*, *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*, *Lady, Behave!*, *Suds in Your Eye*, *Pick-up Girl*, *Oh, Brother!*, *Woman Bites Dog*, *Crazy with the Heat*, *Snookie*, *They Should Have Stood in Bed*, *Behind Red Lights*, *Bet Your Life*, *The Fireman's Flame*, *How to get Tough about It*, *Waltz in Goosestep*, and *Battleship Gertie*. To say nothing of *Them's the Reporters*, *Stick-in-the-Mud*, *The Sap Runs High*, *Hot-Cha!*, *Move on, Sister*, *Are You Decent?*, *Stripped*, *Everything's Jake*, *She Lived Next to The Firehouse*, *She Means Business*, *A Modern Virgin*, *A Regular Guy* and *I Gotta Get Out*.

No wonder.

The remarks of even the most illustrious workers in the theatre sometimes seem to be minus sense. Yeats.

for example, observes in *The Cutting of an Agate*, "Of all artistic forms that have a large share of the world's attention, the worst is the play about modern educated people. It has one mortal ailment: it cannot become impassioned without making somebody gushing and sentimental. Educated people have no artistic and charming language except light persiflage, and no powerful language at all, and when they are deeply moved they look silently into the fireplace . . ."

Is it possible that Yeats could not have been acquainted with a great variety of plays like Shaw's *Candida* among others, Granville Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance*, Schnitzler's *Professor Bernhardt* among others, O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*, Maugham's *Our Betters* and *The Circle*, some of the Pirandello plays, etc., etc.?

The never-dying argument as to the relative beauty of the women of the theatre in the yesterdays and today overlooks, I think, one important point. Even assuming that both those of the past and the present have enjoyed the same measure of looks, there can be small doubt that those of other days seemed the more beautiful, and for a simple reason. They were, in brief, unlike most of those nowadays, presented beautifully by the men who produced the plays and shows in which they appeared. The good-looking girl in these times is simply thrown at an audience; in the past, she was insinuated into its

appreciation. She was dressed with elaborate shrewdness; she was set into a lovely frame; she was lighted with canny care; she was press-agented with an eye to what is currently known in Hollywood as glamour; she was cautiously persuaded by her management to be seen only in the properly brilliant restaurants and with the properly important escorts; and she was photographed only by the Saronys and Hills and Alfred Cheney Johnstons who knew how to drape her figure and pose her in such wise that what attractiveness she possessed would be heightened by their cameras. She was, in a word, even when beautiful on her own, lent an added beauty and an added allure.

The beautiful girl today gets no such treatment, or at best very little. She is photographed by some side-street bulb-squeezer who operates a theatrical mill and turns out photographs of all and sundry like so many doughnuts; she is an habituée of Sardi's and the steak houses, and generally in the company of Broadway nondescripts; she dresses in public not in the lovely evening things of her sisters of yesterday but as if she were on her way to market or a neighborhood movie; her press-agent publicizes her behind large hamburgers or with pictures showing her perched on a steamship rail with her skirt up to her navel and idiotically waving a hand in the air; and her management either casts her in unappetizing rôles or pushes her out onto a stage dressed

for the most part in an unattractive manner and lighted by someone whose real métier is the illumination of Broadway haberdashery windows.

It is a belief stubbornly held by the critics that actors cannot achieve eminence in their profession save the plays in which they appear are authentic specimens of the dramatic art. Many actors and actresses have confounded the lofty principle. Duse achieved most of her great reputation in the rhetorical junk of D'Annunzio. Bernhardt achieved hers largely through such stuff as Sardou's and such things as *Camille* and *Frou-Frou*. All kinds of actors and actresses have built their reputations on rubbish: George Arliss with plays like *The Darling of the Gods*, *The Rose*, *The Eyes of the Heart*, etc.; Kyrle Bellew with *In His Power*, *Loyal Love*, *Raffles*, *The Thief*, and the like; Mrs. Fiske with a wealth of claptrap;

Charles Hawtrey with everything from *The Private Secretary* and *The Lucky Miss Dean* to *A Message from Mars* and *The Cuckoo*; Rose Coghlan with *Forget-Me-Not*, *A Scrap of Paper*, *The Silver King*, *Diplomacy*, etc.; Madge Kendal with such trash as *Broken Hearts*, *A Hero of Romance*, *The Wicked World*, etc.; and Sir Charles Wyndham with *David Garrick*, *Pink Dominoes*, *Dearer than Life*, and *Betsy*.

And let the critics not forget E. S. Willard who spent his life largely in things like *A Pair of Spectacles*, *A Fool's Paradise*, and *The Professor's Love Story*; the great Modjeska whose reputation was assisted quite as much by *Heartsease*, *The Old Love and the New* and *Adrienne Lecoureur* as by her Ophelia and Juliet; and various such others. And what, today, of Helen Hayes? Let them think of most of the stuff in which that girl has appeared!

PHRASE ORIGINS—27

GREEKS BEARING GIFTS: *American aid to Greece and Turkey has caused some writers to recall this expression by twisting it about. One headline writer switched it to "Turks fear Americans bearing gifts." The original expression, derogatory to the Greeks, is one of the oldest slurs in literature on a national group. It is found in Vergil's Aeneid, Book II, line 49: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," "I fear the Greeks even when they bear gifts." The admonition was uttered by Laocoon, a Trojan priest who advised his countrymen not to take the horse left by the Greeks, the famous Trojan horse, into the walls of Troy.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

REPORT ON TELEVISION

BY L. T. STEELE

TELEVISION is turning the corner. Already firmly established in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles, it will spread out this spring to include 32 stations in 21 American cities. It is expected that 48 stations will be transmitting by the end of this year—and by December 1949 we may look for at least 97 stations operating in 49 American cities, covering an area containing more than 50 million people. Television is finally becoming an agency of mass communication.

Historians of the new medium say it took its longest forward steps when it telecast the Louis-Conn championship bout in July 1946 and the 1947 World Series. The next advance, it is figured, will come from the two political conventions in Philadelphia this summer. Television played a real part in the decisions of the Republican and Democratic National Committees to gather their flocks in the City of Brotherly Love. Television networks reaching out from Philadelphia will bring the convention addresses—and the faces, gestures and mannerisms of the candidates—into the living rooms of many Ameri-

cans residing in districts which account for 28 per cent of the electoral votes.

Not all these people will own sets—not by a long shot. Set prices range at present from \$170 to \$2500 at retail. More sets are coming on the market in the lower price range, but there are few signs of substantial price-cutting yet. That will come later, as more makers get into volume distribution. Manufacturers of standard radios look for a decline in their postwar boom sales and are converting as fast as they can to the more complicated production of television receivers. Just now, the largest-selling television sets are the RCA table model with ten-inch screen, which sells for \$375, and the ten-inch-screen Philco table model retailing at \$395. These prices do not include installation charges. Most sets are sold with an annual “maintenance policy” which costs about \$55 extra and includes antenna installation plus complete service for one year. (Television sets seem to require a good deal more servicing than radios; most owners have found the maintenance policies a wise investment.)

L. T. STEELE is vice-president and radio director of Benton & Bowles, the advertising agency. He has supervised the production of a wide variety of television programs.

Today, there are about 150,000 sets in operation, the vast majority in private homes. Two thirds are in New York City and its suburbs. This reflects not only the more constant and wider range of programming available to New Yorkers, but also the allocation policies of manufacturers, who have been consigning from 65 to 75 per cent of their output to the New York district. Television — as an industry — is still very much on the make. In New York, the set-makers reason, their sets bring television into the homes of individuals who may be expected to foster its growth: financial and business leaders, advertising men, radio sponsors and show people. Of course New York is also the world's largest market for *any* item so definitely in the luxury classification, and the city will probably continue to receive the lion's share of set production during 1948 — although some manufacturers are now stepping up the ratio of their shipments to the Los Angeles area. (There are a lot of people around Hollywood who could do television some good, too.)

The National Broadcasting Company estimates that 1948 will see nearly 400,000 sets being used in and around New York, 89,600 in Philadelphia, 27,500 in Washington, 30,000 in Baltimore, 65,100 in Boston, 87,600 in Los Angeles, 132,400 in Chicago, and similar figures for many other urban areas.

Two leading advertising agencies, Benton & Bowles, Inc. and Young &

Rubicam, Inc., estimate in a joint report prepared for the General Foods Corporation that at the end of 1947 there were 175,000 sets in distribution; that in December 1948 the figure will be just under 800,000; and by December 1949 close to 1.8 million. This trend-line parallels the sale of radios during the years 1922-1924, a comparable period in the development of broadcasting. The Twentieth Century Fund, in its report on *America's Needs and Resources*, predicts there will be 3.5 million television sets in use in 1950.

II

While millions of American homes contain more than one radio, one costly television receiver is about all most families can cope with. This partly explains why there are more viewers-per-set than radio-listeners-per-set. Between 8 and 9 P.M. on an average night, the radio audience consists of about 2.37 listeners-per-set (C. E. Hooper figures). At the same time, according to the two-agency study cited above, television averages 3.54 viewers-per-set.

Of course in bars, grills and other public places (where only a small percentage of sets are installed, despite the common impression that practically every New York gin mill has one), the viewing audience gets up into the dozens. On fight nights and during World Series telecasts, a Third Avenue pub with a large-screen receiver will be jammed. In the study made for General Foods, all inter-

views with bar patrons concerning their program preferences were thrown out. The researchers learned that customers viewed what the bartender or the management wanted — not necessarily what they themselves might have tuned in.

Nineteen stations were on the air at the close of 1947, and by the end of April 1948 32 should be operating, distributed as follows: New York 3, Baltimore 2, Boston 1, Chicago 2, Cincinnati 1, Cleveland 1, Detroit 1, Ft. Worth 1, Los Angeles 4, Louisville 1, Milwaukee 1, Minn.-St. Paul 2, Newark 1, Philadelphia 2, Richmond 1, Riverside, Calif. 1, St. Louis 1, San Francisco 1, Schenectady 1, Toledo 1 and Washington 3.

Will there be networks in television? The answer is that there will. The 97 outlets expected by the end of next year will probably be tied up as follows: NBC 29, ABC 10, CBS 9, Mutual 8, Dumont 5, Paramount 5, unaffiliated 31. Dumont and Paramount, which have interlocking ownership, would like to combine their ten stations into a single operation, which would, according to the above estimates, tie them for second place in number of affiliates.

Regional network television is currently available up the Atlantic seaboard from Washington to Boston. Another operating network now links South Bend with Chicago, and work is progressing on a Cincinnati-Dayton-Columbus link. Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo also contemplate inter-city service.

During 1948 Chicago will probably be tied to New York; thus the Atlantic Coast and the midwest can soon enjoy simultaneous programming. But it is not likely that there will be coast-to-coast networking of television — as we know it in radio — for another couple of years. And big, sprawling chains of 150 or more stations, blanketing the nation, are a long, long way off, if indeed they are ever to come. There are not enough channels available. The Federal Communications Commission has limited television to a maximum of seven channels in any one city. Compare this to the New York area's 26 standard radio stations.

The most satisfactory way of linking up stations is through the American Telephone & Telegraph Company's co-axial cable. But this is also by far the most expensive. Telecasters have been getting the use of the cable free, during an "experimental" period. AT & T published one proposed schedule of rates last fall — so steep that it was withdrawn immediately, amidst anguished howls from broadcasters and the Federal Communications Commission. Nobody really expected AT & T to try another schedule (also bound to be high) until after this summer's political conventions. The conventions are surefire video, and also a "public service" item. The industry felt AT & T would not want to get into the embarrassing position of having made their coverage by network television

"too costly." But AT & T seems undismayed, for as this is written the Company has served notice of a new schedule of rates to become effective in April 1948.

Radio-relay, another method of sending programs from one transmitter to another also works out pretty well, and costs much less to operate. Two other methods are under development. One would use a fleet of high-altitude airplanes, each equipped with a transmitter, circling in the stratosphere and shooting out pictures and sound. The other, known as the "Skytop" plan, would plant ultra-powerful relay transmitters on the half-dozen or so highest points across the continent. Most television experts view these latter two projects without much enthusiasm.

III

New York viewers, who comprise, as we have seen, the vast majority of the total audience, are lavish in their devotion to television. Despite present programming, much of which is reminiscent of a junior high school graduation play, television is considered by 71 per cent of New York set owners to be "*wonderful*." Nineteen per cent say it is "*good*" and only three in 100 find it "*disappointing*." (The figures are from the joint agency-General Foods study.)

Furthermore, these people are mostly in the upper educational brackets. As we all know, virtually everybody owns a radio. But the aver-

age New York family with a television set is headed by an executive, a professional man, or one who has his own business. He has been graduated from high school and attended some college. The family has a telephone. They pay more than \$75 a month for rent. They invite friends to drop in and see telecasts three times a week, or more often. (The budget for maintaining a television home must include a substantial extra allowance for the food and liquor consumed by non-owning friends and neighbors.)

The average television family uses its set seventeen hours a week. Thirty-six per cent of the families studied in the General Foods report used their sets *more than 20 hours per week*. Eye-balm is now a standard accessory in dealers' stock, along with image-magnifiers, shading visors, etc.

As yet, no viewing habits have been established to compare with the familiar patterns of radio listening. The audience shifts mercurially from station to station, depending on what is being broadcast. Men prefer baseball, boxing and "live" drama (as distinct from films), in that order. Women prefer live drama, feature movies, baseball and boxing. The children like Western films and kid shows built especially for them.

Of course, these are preferences among programs *now available*. This doesn't mean that people wouldn't prefer something else if they could get it. Viewers told the Benton & Bowles researchers that what they'd

most like to see would be: (1) good new movies; (2) good radio shows — Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, etc.; (3) Broadway shows; (4) more and new types of sports; (5) movie and radio stars; and (6) operas and operettas.

Broadcasters are doing their best to meet these demands. NBC has just signed a five-year contract with Jerry Fairbanks, the well-known Hollywood producer, to make motion pictures especially for the television audience. The first pictures in the Fairbanks series, with respectable movie casts and excellent production values, will be ready shortly for transmission. Other networks will inevitably make similar deals, either to buy films from the well-stocked vaults of Hollywood, or for specially-tailored tele-movies.

Most of the big radio shows have been excluded from television thus far because of the ban on live music, which has just been lifted by Mr. Petrillo. Now that bands can play on the new medium — and singers can work with live accompaniment instead of trying to “lip synch” their way haltingly through a number to phonograph-record background — whole new fields of programming have opened up.

Several plays headed for Broadway have been given television tryouts. The Theatre Guild, in collaboration with NBC, has put on some very competent television versions of *John Ferguson*, *The Late George Apley* and *Angel Street*. Under theegis of Lawton Campbell, the American National

Theatre and Academy has helped NBC put together several experimental television dramas. And the most popular commercial program on television is Kraft Cheese's *Television Theatre*, which does hour-length condensations of great plays every Wednesday evening on WNBT. Such productions, once they are networked, will bring a completely new kind of theatrical fare to the homes of many families whose only contact with the drama may have heretofore been limited to the movies' boy-meets-girl formula films and to their later anemic condensations on the radio. A. A. Milne's *The Truth about Blayds*, for example, was done recently on the Kraft program. It is the kind of vehicle which would probably never turn up in the films or radio — at least not in its original form; it has too “intellectual” a basic plot motivation; it is too “talky.” Yet it made excellent television.

Sports of every kind come out well with home viewers. Every fight night, the television-equipped bars are jammed. New Yorkers this winter saw films of the Olympic games in Switzerland, specially filmed for television and flown daily by special plane back to the states for transmission some 50 hours after the events took place.

Documentaries, discussions and dramatics have been more successful than comedy. In the “funny” field, some audience-participation formats carried over from radio have worked out pretty well: “The Missus Goes

A-Shopping," "Charades," "Better Half," etc. But comedians have had to struggle hard for the mildest of laughs. Henry Morgan, Morey Amsterdam and Fred Allen, to name three, have found video a discouraging medium, thus far. Part of this negative experience is due to the lack of big studio audiences and the enthusiastic contact thus generated between performer and listener. Most television studios are cramped, boxed-in affairs with no room for sightseers. It is an inhibiting experience for any comedian to have to spiel his routine in front of the lenses of three cameras, under blistering hot lights, surrounded by a dozen or so dead-panned technicians who don't think he's funny — and rooted to a chalked position-mark on the floor, from which he dare not move lest he get out of focus. The best gag seems, under these handicaps, to backfire.

IV

American television, like American radio, is a commercial operation. It will be supported by the time-and-talent investments of advertisers. The leading elements in radio advertising are already entrenching themselves in the new medium. Some of the sponsors who are most active in television include the General Foods Corporation, the American Tobacco Company, the Ford Motor Company, Gillette Razors, Gulf Oil, Knox Hats, Kraft Cheese, Chevrolet and Oldsmobile motor cars, Camel cigarettes and similar "blue chip" advertisers.

These products are staking out the "premium" hours of the day and evenings, so that they'll be on hand when the audience catches up with them.

A year ago, 23 advertisers were using television. In January 1948 there were 159, including 18 major national advertisers. In 1947 the National Broadcasting Company's expenditures ran to \$3.5 million for television and the company took in \$800,000 in commercial revenue. This year, NBC estimates an outlay for television of \$5 million and an income from video sponsors of \$1.5 million. Numerically, the majority of television advertisers to date have been retail outlets. The medium is suited well for fashion goods and other merchandise which sells by demonstration.

Costs to advertisers are still very high for the small amount of circulation attained. But this consideration is offset considerably by the degree of *penetration* achieved by television commercials. Sponsor identification — the ability to remember what was advertised on a program — has been much higher in television than in radio. Of course this intense audience concentration will become diffused as the novelty wears off. But sober advertising men recognize in video "the most powerful selling force the world has ever known," as one lyrical copywriter put it.

Today in New York you can sponsor a television show for anywhere from around \$1000 for a 30-minute

"old movie" or a 15-minute newscast, up to around \$4000 for a one-hour live dramatic program or one of the major ball games or Madison Square Garden events. *Author Meets the Critics, Meet the Press, Leave It to the Girls* and other successful "studio" shows cost in New York about \$1600 per broadcast. That may not seem high, but it's a high cost-per-thousand circulation, compared to newspapers, magazines and radio.

The medium offers tremendous new chances for workers in show business. It also presents real challenges. Since motion picture companies, for the most part, have tabooed the appearance of their contract stars on television, radio actors have surged in on the new sight-and-sound medium. But many radio actors have never learned to memorize lines. They are accustomed to read from a script. They have little or no experience with gestures, make-up, costumes and all the infinite little pieces of "business" a stage or screen player learns. People from the legitimate theatre seem to work out best. And as television becomes better able to pay more than mere token fees, better actors will try it. Many are already working in television for a fraction of their stage or radio fees, simply as an investment in their own future. New Yorkers have recently seen such relatively high-priced talent as Leo G. Carroll, Betty Field, Judith Evelyn, Walter Abel and Thomas Mitchell working for very small sums to gain television experience. A by-word in

video today is that "nobody makes any money."

The movie companies worry about television, just as they worried about radio. West Coast surveys have shown that people with television sets don't go to the movies as often as they used to, and it is the same in New York. Last September, the week the World Series was available on television in homes, offices and thousands of New York bars, the Times Square picture palaces, which depend heavily on mid-day trade, saw their matinee business evaporate. The major movie companies have refused to allow any televising of their films. But numerous good new foreign and independently-made pictures are turning up on the New York video stations—and these are giving the neighborhood moviehouses an increasingly bad time.

On the other hand, even the most sanguine prophets for video don't expect the home-set to replace the movie theatre in American life. "A movie house," one advertising man puts it, "is not just where you go to see a picture. It's a place where you take your wife—or your date—it's a social institution." The American family practice of "going out for the evening" is pretty good insurance for the preservation of movie houses, television or no television.

Sports promoters have been divided over what video would do to their gates. One major league ball club owner is so enthusiastic about the added interest television may lend to baseball

that he's even had consultants recommend changes in his team's uniform colors, for better telecasting. On the other hand, one New York fight promoter insists that whenever he sells television rights to one of his fight cards the sponsor must guarantee, over and above the price for the rights, to pay for all empty seats in the house.

Large-screen projection television, relayed along cable lines to a network of paid-admission theatres or auditoriums, may vastly increase the potential take of such events as heavyweight championship fights and similar sports exhibitions. Local movie houses, serviced by a constantly-changing "live" newsreel, may in a few years be showing — in full color and *as they happen* — such events as Royal Weddings in England, a fire in Manhattan and a beauty contest in Miami.

Newspaper publishers, who were

originally hostile to radio and tried for years to ignore it, found to their sorrow that advertisers often preferred it and that readers demanded radio program listings in their columns. Furthermore, the press gravely underestimated radio's power as a means of mass communication for news and information. Its owners are determined not to make the same mistake twice. Twenty-five per cent of present television stations are owned or operated by newspapers. The proportion is as high, or higher, among pending applications for FCC construction permits.

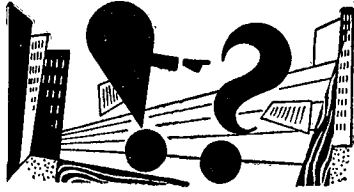
Within the next 24 months, we may expect a home-audience of 10 million people for television. Given that kind of circulation, plus the proved effectiveness of video to transmit new ideas and create new demands, and you begin to understand that television may truly be "The Wave of the Future."

SILENCE

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE

A perfect silence man cannot create,
And never will, although he stand as still
And voiceless as a rock upon a hill;
And even with unspoken love or hate
There always is the heart-beat's varied tone,
The breath's inconstant rhythm, and the sigh
That slowly rises from an inward cry,
For silence is the gift of death alone.

THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. The practice at THE AMERICAN MERCURY is to report upon manuscripts within a week; sometimes, in fact, we report in three or four days. Most authors are grateful for such speed, but some, especially younger ones, leap to the conclusion that voluntary contributions are largely returned without being read. Speaking for ourselves — and, we believe, also for most other periodicals — we not only give all manuscripts a careful reading but probably devote more time to them than is justified by the percentage that finally sees print in our pages. We shall, however, continue to give our customary careful consideration to every article, poem, short story and sketch submitted to us. For every mail brings with it a renewed hope that a pearl of great price is hidden in the mass of fluff and imitation *Weltschmerz*. . . . In this connection we would like to let our readers in on a bit of MERCURY history. Years ago, one of the editors was a man who had the reputation (completely unfounded) of being a literary

snob. One day he began to go through the morning's manuscripts, smelling them and rejecting them, on the well-known and sound theory that one does not have to eat an egg that smells bad to know that the whole egg is bad. Then he came upon a not very attractive batch of handwritten butcher paper. He read the first page, and immediately realized he had something unusual before him. In fifteen minutes he sent the author an enthusiastic letter of acceptance. That acceptance launched the career of an important contemporary American fiction writer. The story in question appears in *The American Mercury Reader*, and has been reprinted in several anthologies. . . . Would-be contributors, with whom we had previously had no dealings, sometimes call on the telephone, and tell the operator that the article they have in mind is of such immediate importance that they must talk to an editor at once. Almost invariably an editor does discuss the article with them, usually at some length, and a date is agreed upon for the delivery of the manuscript. The sad fact, however, is that the manu-

script is seldom delivered. Indeed, in the past five years less than a half dozen manuscripts thus outlined on the telephone have ever reached the editorial office, and all of them were so far below the expectations aroused that they had to be returned. Whether or not this phenomenon points a moral we cannot say, except, perhaps, that reliable authors are seldom in a hysterical hurry and submit their queries by mail. . . . The staff historian reports that there has been a marked change in the nature of the manuscripts submitted by women. Twenty, fifteen, and even ten years ago, he says, most women writers sent in short stories, poems, sketches, and profiles of non-political personages. Now they generally send in almost as many political and economic articles as do men; and more short stories, poems and sketches are now submitted by men than by women. Not being statisticians, professional or amateur, we cannot draw any tremendous socio-economic or even serious journalistic conclusions from these facts, and we hereby offer them free to the actuaries of the life insurance companies to do with as they please.



The 50-year pact of economic and military alliance signed recently by France, Britain, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg, and the prompt declaration by President Truman that the agreement "deserves our full support," recalls an important article, "For a Western Demo-

cratic Bloc," by Sir Norman Angell, in the March 1946 issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. With almost clairvoyant powers Sir Norman said, more than two years ago, that "no man of common sense can put all his faith" in the United Nations, for it is "a none-too-perfect mechanism which provides a framework for collaboration but not a guarantee of it." The UN, he continued, is inadequate as an instrument of freedom. Since most of its members "evinced strong authoritarian tendencies," it "is not democratic in purpose. It is a functional security organization designed to keep the peace and nothing more. Even in this rôle it is badly handicapped by the self-protective veto power of each of the Big Five. If freedom is to weigh in the balance, it must have a set of scales which it can tip more easily than those at the UNO meetings."

He went on to point out the great advantages of a Western democratic union in easing relations among the nations belonging to it, and in keeping Russia within bounds. He ended by showing that there was ample precedent for and sound sense in America's joining such a bloc: "America's persistence throughout the opening years of the two world wars, in the delusion that totalitarian power could never touch her, eventually exposed her to a war effort far more exhausting than prompter participation would have required. . . . Today there is no defense in distance, but only in cooperation."

Sir Norman's penetrating and pro-

phetic article at the time earned him and THE AMERICAN MERCURY the epithet of "warmonger," on the ground that his proposal was calculated to antagonize Soviet Russia and to bypass the United Nations. Virtually the whole democratic world has now endorsed Sir Norman's proposal. We of THE AMERICAN MERCURY congratulate Sir Norman for having outlined in 1946, in our pages, a program for world action which became a reality in 1948.



"The Changeless Ways of Man," by Clellan S. Ford, which was scheduled for this issue, had to be omitted for reasons of space. It will appear in the June issue.

BARBARISM IN NEW YORK CITY

I have just returned to New York City after an absence of twenty years, and have been plenty depressed. The town used to have color and charm and there used to be good talk, even in the gaudy restaurants. Now the town is only an overgrown Chicago or Los Angeles. Everything is synthetic. The talk is mostly about money or about best-sellers (which is the same thing), or about Broadway (still the same thing); and the people who do most of the talking are of a type that would hardly have been admitted to decent, cultured society in the twenties. Imagine newspaper columnists and radio gabblers and motion pic-

ture executives being listened to with respect! In the three weeks I have been here I have heard an obviously ignorant vice-president of a movie octopus denounce Ernest Bevin and praise Tito—and not one of the dozen men and women, all clearly better informed than he, had the good taste to snicker. . . . And your newspapers! The *Times* and *Tribune* are their old dull and useful selves, but where are the papers that made newspaper reading a pleasure instead of a duty? The *New York Post*? The *World-Telegram*? The *Paducah Bugle-Banner-Bee-Clarion* is more worldly than either of these parochial sheets. . . . But what hurts me most about New York City is what has become of Park Avenue and the absence of flower wagons. There used to be a thin little park right down the center of the Avenue, with occasional spots of flowers, and benches and young women sitting on them, rocking baby carriages. Why was this little park abolished? To make way for the increasing traffic? And were the flower wagons thrown off the streets of New York for a similar reason? Didn't anybody raise a voice against this barbarism?

THEODORE O. DENT

Montauk, L. I., N. Y.

REFUGEES FROM PARADISE

In the cold war with the Soviet Union the United States has one card that it has not yet played, and I, for one, would like to know why it hasn't.

Ever since the Russian Revolution one of the chief problems of the Communist rulers has been to keep the Russian people from running away from it all. The régime has had to pass decrees tying down the Soviet citizen to his job and his place of residence: he cannot leave either, under present Soviet law, without state authorization. But even more important, he cannot leave the country. The MVD maintains an enormous border patrol to prevent such escapes.

Despite these laws and police precautions, many Soviet citizens attempt to flee every year. Especially in the Russian zone of Germany, where the border is not so well policed, thousands of Stalin's subjects try to flee westward, into the British and American zones.

And what treatment do these refugees receive? When they reach the British zone they are pretty well treated, and, for the most part, allowed to remain. But the American authorities turn them back to the Soviet police! Thousands of them have been sent to certain deaths in Arctic labor camps through the blind stupidity of U. S. Army policy in Germany.

This imbecility should be stopped at once. By offering these refugees sanctuary, we could prove to common men all over the world that the Russian people are the victims, rather than the mainstay, of the Soviet régime.

SIDNEY GREENBERG

New York City

WOMEN AS PEOPLE

I often think that one of the great disasters that has befallen the human race in the past fifty years is the spread of education for women. Before then, women were content to be charming, gentle, considerate of men (as callers, husbands, brothers, uncles and cousins). Their highest aim in life was to be the wife of a worthy man. They really made it worth while for a man to come home, to support a family, and to provide for the family's future. Now, since women have been going to high school and college, learned to read cheap romances (even college women prefer cheap romances to sound novels) they have become belligerent, hard-souled, argumentative, and, in general, little better than third-rate men. When they marry they turn their homes into debating societies, think nothing of insulting their husbands in public, and consider it their right to flirt with other men on the ground that "we're human beings, too." Of course, every man, in the secrecy of his heart, knows that women are not human beings. They never practice logic; they nearly always practice a blackmail, in their relations with their men and also in their relations with other women, that horrifies every male. No matter how cruel man's business world may be, the way the run-of-the-mill woman conducts her life contains far more cruelty.

THOMAS OLSON

Austin, Tex.

WALLACE AND THE NEW DEALERS

BY NATHAN ROBERTSON

HENRY WALLACE is trying hard to convince the voters that he is the reincarnation of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Posing as the spokesman for the forces that re-elected FDR three times, he is dressing up his third party movement with as many names of former Roosevelt men as possible. The likeness seems to impress a good many voters. The recent special election in New York, together with the public-opinion polls, indicate that the former Vice-President has enough strength to block President Truman's re-election and put a Republican in the White House.

But a survey of where the New Dealers stand today discloses that Wallace has no right to speak for them. His third party movement includes almost none of the big New Dealers. He does not have the backing of the powerful political groups that provided the mass support for FDR. Nor does he have the newspaper and magazine support that gave journalistic leadership to the Roosevelt movement. Some political observers believe that much of Wallace's follow-

ing comes from voters who still think of him as the spokesman for the Roosevelt forces, but who will become disillusioned and drop away from him as the campaign develops.

Roosevelt's mass support — aside from the year-in-year-out Democrats — came from labor, the Negroes and other minority groups. He won the Negroes from the Republicans, who had counted their votes as a sure thing ever since the Civil War. He swung the majority of the labor vote, which had also been largely Republican.

But judging from the attitude of their leaders Wallace can count on mass support from neither of these big groups. He does not have Philip Murray of the CIO or William Green of the AFL. Both of these powerful labor chieftains are leading their organizations away from Mr. Wallace. He does not have even the most likely of the mavericks in labor — John L. Lewis of the coal miners, or A. F. Whitney of the railroad brotherhoods, or Harvey Brown of the powerful machinists. His labor support comes almost entirely from the extreme left in the CIO, led by Harry

NATHAN ROBERTSON formerly worked for Wallace in the Agriculture Department, where he was close to C. B. Baldwin. He has also covered Washington politics for almost 25 years, working for PM and the Associated Press. In 1944 he won a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard.

Bridges and Lee Pressman. Among the Negroes he has Paul Robeson and possibly Joe Louis, but he does not have the much more potent political spokesman for the Negroes, Walter White, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. White, writing on the Wallace third party movement recently, forecast that when his people realized a vote for Wallace would only help to elect a "reactionary Republican" then "very few Negroes will throw away their votes in futile protest."

So far almost all the Negro and labor support Wallace has won has come from the groups which have been hewing to the Communist Party line. In fact within labor circles, where the Party line probably is followed more closely and intelligently than anywhere else, support of Wallace is coming to be taken as a sign of Stalinist sympathies, just as defense of Stalin's pact with Hitler was eight years ago.

In journalism the picture is much the same. None of the nationally known newspapers and magazines which backed Roosevelt most vigorously and most consistently — such as the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Chicago Sun*, *PM*, or the *Nation* — is with Wallace. The only newspaper sympathetic to him in New York city, where Roosevelt usually had the help of several papers, is the Communist Party's *Daily Worker*. *PM* and the *Nation* have denounced the third party movement.

Tracing down the followers Wallace has won among the big New Dealers who were closest to President Roosevelt gives the same result. Wallace has Tugwell, but where are the rest? Where, to begin with, are the members of the Roosevelt family, particularly the politically active Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Jimmy Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt, Jr.? They are all opposing Wallace. Mrs. Roosevelt has written a series of newspaper columns attacking Wallace's third party move and has denounced his campaign tactics in the recent New York congressional election as "a case of fooling people." Jimmy, the Democratic State Chairman in California, is leading the fight for Truman. Franklin is one of the spokesmen of the anti-Communist liberal organization, Americans for Democratic Action. He called Wallace's candidacy "an invitation to disaster," asserting that its only fruit was likely to be the election of a conservative. Even Elliott Roosevelt has denounced the Wallace movement.

II

Turning to Roosevelt's official family, Wallace's failure to win support from those who were closest to the former President is just as marked. He has yet to win over a single one of his former colleagues in the Roosevelt cabinet. Where are the leading New Dealers among the cabinet members — such as Morgenthau, Ickes, Perkins and Biddle? Not one has joined the Wallace movement, and none is expected to by those closest to them.

Aside from Tugwell, FDR's top brain trusters and administrators are conspicuously absent from the Wallace ranks. Where are such men as Leon Henderson, Ben Cohen and Tommy Corcoran; Lowell Mellett and Jonathan Daniels; Isador Lubin Aubrey Williams, Sumner Welles, Robert Nathan, Randolph Paul, Jerome Frank, Oscar Chapman, Thurman Arnold, Abe Fortas, David K. Niles, William O. Douglas, Robert H. Jackson, James M. Landis and David Lilienthal? These men were the heart of the New Deal. Wallace is not speaking for them. Many of them have spoken out vigorously against him.

The third party candidate has had even less luck among the prominent New Deal congressmen who led the fight for Roosevelt on Capitol Hill. The big Congressional New Dealers were Hugo Black, Robert F. Wagner, Theodore Green, Carl Hatch, Sherman Minton, Joseph O'Mahoney, Claude Pepper, Lewis Schwellenbach, Elbert D. Thomas, James E. Murray, Jerry Voorhis, Wright Patman, Maury Maverick, Helen Gahagan Douglas and, at times, Robert M. LaFollette. Not one of these practical politicians, despite their almost perfect New Deal records, has joined the Wallace third party. LaFollette's father, Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., led the last big third party move; but his son is having none of this one. The third party's only recruits from the congressional field are the comparatively unknown former Senator Elmer Benson of Minnesota, and Senator Glen Taylor

of Idaho. Taylor, who may have been won over by an offer of second place on the Wallace ticket, was an obscure radio performer during the New Deal.

One might have expected that the Wallace cause would pick up converts among the liberal intellectuals outside the government, who are not so closely tied by party lines. Among them, however, the story is the same. Wallace has Jo Davidson and Professor Harlow Shapley, of Harvard; but where are Alvin Hansen, Arthur Schlesinger, Walter Wanger, Melvyn Douglas, Marshall Field, Morris Ernst and Frank Graham? Not within hailing distance of the Wallace camp. Frank Kingdon resigned as co-chairman of the Progressive Citizens of America in protest over the PCA's support of Wallace.

More damaging, perhaps, to Wallace's attempts to pose as a spokesman for the forces that elected Franklin D. Roosevelt, is the fact that he is no longer the spokesman even for his own segment of the New Deal, for the group which nominated him for Vice-President in 1940 and fought frantically for him again in 1944. Not one of the top men on Wallace's old team when he was a hero of the liberal cause is now participating in his third party movement.

In Wallace's heyday the men who were probably closest to him were Paul Appleby and Milo Perkins. Appleby, long Wallace's Undersecretary of Agriculture, spearheaded his drive for the Vice-Presidency and was in effect his chief administrative as

well as political assistant in the Agriculture Department. Perkins was one of Wallace's top administrators in Agriculture and his second in command when Wallace headed the Board of Economic Warfare during the war. (He was fired by Roosevelt, along with Wallace, after BEW's bitter fight with Jesse Jones.) Neither of these men is in the third party movement, nor is either expected to be by those who know them best. Both are now outside the government, in positions to join the Wallace campaign if they were sympathetic to it.

Other top men in Wallace's old team who are holding aloof from his third party include:

His chief brain trusters and economic advisers: A. G. Black, Louis Bean, Mordecai Ezekial and Howard Tolley, who held various high administrative and economic posts under Wallace and were among his closest advisers.

M. L. Wilson, Wallace's former Undersecretary of Agriculture, and an influential aide.

His chief public relations spokesmen and ghost writers: Paul Porter, later OPA Administrator; Milton Eisenhower, brother of the general; John R. Fleming, Alfred Stedman and Wayne Darrow, all of whom are now out of the government and free to join Wallace if they wanted to.

The chief administrators of Wallace's farm program: R. M. Evans, Chester Davis, Roy Hendrickson, Dr. Will Alexander, Harry Slattery, John Carmody and Morris L. Cooke.

Russell Lord, Wallace's friend, ghost writer and biographer.

Many others who were at one time closely associated with Wallace, such as Don Montgomery and D. C. Blaisdell, from his consumer division; R. W. Hudgens, former Assistant Farm Security Administrator; Gardner Jackson, who held a variety of posts; Claude Wickard, who succeeded Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture; and Harold Young, one of Wallace's closest associates in recent years.

Wallace's new team includes Angus Cameron, editor-in-chief of the publishing firm of Little, Brown & Co. But it is significant that it does not include John Fischer, author of *Why They Behave like Russians*, who holds a similar position with Harpers, and who was one of Wallace's key men in the Agriculture Department and the Board of Economic Warfare.

III

Perhaps the most significant thing about the break between Wallace and his old team is that the only man who has continued with him since the days when he was FDR's running mate is C. B. "Beany" Baldwin, who served under Wallace in the Farm Security Administration and is now his campaign manager. Baldwin, unlike the others on Wallace's old team, has been hewing close to the Communist Party line. As the "brains" of the Progressive Citizens of America, he has helped to steer it into a break with its parent body—the CIO's

Political Action Committee, and with its own co-chairman, Frank Kingdon, over the Communist issue.

Among those who know Wallace best, "Beany" Baldwin is credited with swinging his former chief from a position as spokesman for the liberals throughout the nation to his present situation. Most of these people are Baldwin's friends too, and they have been distressed at the course he has followed in recent years. They believe he has pulled Wallace much closer to the CP's position than the former Vice-President would have moved under his own steam.

Most of Wallace's old New Deal friends, like millions of other Americans, have become increasingly critical of Russia in the postwar period. When the war ended, most of them believed that cooperation with Russia was possible, and to that extent they were themselves close to the Party line. But Soviet foreign policy has since become more brazenly aggressive, and today the New Dealers feel that Wallace has a blind spot so far as Russia is concerned. They are totally unconvinced by his assertions that Stalin would behave if only we treated him more kindly.

Many of the New Dealers have longed for a virile third party to represent the liberal movement in this country, and have worked for third parties in the past. But they are not convinced that Wallace's effort is

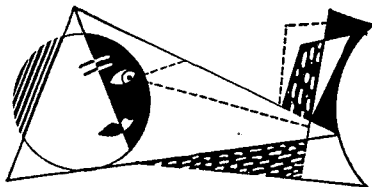
being launched at the right time or under the proper auspices. Moreover, the New Dealers want no part of any third party movement which the Communists and their camp followers have played such a prominent part in launching. They do not believe that the ever-shifting Party line is a firm foundation for a permanent third party movement.

And so despite the friendship of many of these New Dealers for Wallace personally, they are staying out of his third party. Many of them are keeping quiet about it, either because they are still in the government and thus not free to express themselves politically, or because they are reluctant to break openly with the man they have been so closely associated with in the past. But as the campaign gets warmer, many of them can be expected to speak out.

As these well known former associates of Roosevelt and Wallace break openly with the third party movement, it will become increasingly clear that the new-party is directed and supported primarily by Communists and fellow-travelers, who are in favor of a third party because it gives them a weapon for weakening Truman's position on such issues as the Marshall Plan. Wallace, it may now be said with certainty, will be completely isolated from virtually all New Dealers for whom he claims to speak.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



*That hair turns white overnight,
etc., etc.*

Doubts expressed earlier in this column as to the possibility of hair's turning white overnight as the result of an emotional shock would seem to have been definitely refuted by a statement in a profile of Dr. Edward A. Strecker which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* (October 18, 1947, p. 74). "Strecker," it says, "got his most dramatic lesson in the emotional power of mind over matter while still a boy. He saw his mother's hair turn white overnight after a brother lost a leg under a train while following an organ grinder."

On being questioned Dr. Strecker said that the statement, as given in the *Post*, was "literally true," being the only "authentic" case of this phenomenon he knew of.

Dr. Strecker's eminence in the world of science is such that the question could now be considered closed were it not that he adds, "At the time it happened I was not born, but it was told to me by all the mem-

bers of our family" — a statement that puts a something less than "literal" interpretation upon the word "saw."

So it's all to do again. Among the thousands of "authentic" instances isn't there one, just one, that can be supported with something more tangible than allegations? Has not some one of these fear-blanching myriads had the presence of mind to snip off a changing lock or to send for a photographer, a notary or a skeptic?¹

*That witches were burned in
New England*

The movie *I Married a Witch*, starring Veronica Lake and Fredric March, opens with a witch-burning scene in seventeenth-century New England.

No witches were ever burned in New England. Seven men and women were hanged. Compared to the rest of the world at that time that was an extraordinarily rational record. Chris-

¹ For a supplementary discussion of this issue, see this month's "Open Forum," page 639.

tina Hole (*Witchcraft in England*) estimates that about one thousand witches were legally put to death in England between 1603 and 1736. Many more than this were executed on the continent.

That there is no twilight in the tropics

Poets and imaginative travelers must bear the responsibility for the widespread belief that there is no twilight in the tropics. In Mandalay, as a thousand baritones have told us, the dawn comes up like thunder and dusk though perhaps more silent is no less sudden.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark

says Coleridge, adding in the margin, for emphasis, the assurance that there is "No twilight within the courts of the Sun." Bruce, Edwards and a score of other voyagers back him up on this point.

Astronomical twilight is the period required for the sun to sink 18° below the horizon. Its duration is dependent on the time of the year and the latitude of the observer, but it always requires *some* time. North of $48^\circ 30'$ there is a period, increasing with increasing northerliness, when there is no true darkness, but twilight from sunset to sunrise. In mid-England, for example, there is no true night from late May until late July, and it was probably in comparison to this that the tropical night seemed to many early travelers to come "in-

stantly," "the very second the sun had set," and so on.

Miss Gerda Oberg, writing from Mexico City, which is well south of the Tropic of Cancer and within the latitudes said by many to be devoid of any delay between night and day, reports that ordinary print may be read out of doors there at the end of May 35 minutes after the upper margin of the sun has disappeared below the horizon. And she adds that an hour after that faint traces of daylight may still be observed.

Notwithstanding the daily evidence of their senses, however, many Europeans living in Mexico City, she says, insist that there is no twilight there.

That camels are habitually slaughtered by Bedouins, Kazak Wanderers and others, for the water in their stomachs

No feature of *Time* is more moving than those *Letters from the Publisher* in which the reader is informed of the difficulties which the staff has gallantly surmounted. In one of these communications (October 20, 1947) the reader is besought to abandon any rash intentions he may have had of going to Sinkiang. *Time's* Mr. Frederick Gruin had gone and he and the publisher were anxious to spare other mortals from such a harrowing experience.

Among other horrors Mr. Gruin had found the desert "mirage-haunted" and had observed that "the track

through it is marked by carcasses and bleached bones of camels slaughtered by Kazak wanderers for the water in their stomachs."

It may be. Camels do store a surplus of water (though not as much as is commonly supposed) and Prohibition showed us that under duress men will drink anything that will ooze down a human throat. But slaughtering camels for a drink must be a fairly rare practice and it is a matter of great satisfaction to be able to record an account of the process by what must be one of the few educated white men who has ever had the chance to witness it.

Mr. Bodo Oberg writes from Huasca, Hdgo., in Mexico, that from 1906 to 1912 he was an officer in the Colonial Forces of the then German Southwest Africa where he worked for years with imported North African camels. From time to time it was necessary to kill some of these beasts, because of their sicknesses or injuries, and, making a virtue of the necessity, he had seized the opportunity "for examining the improbable tale of the water reservoir." He writes:

In these cases we had them watered for the last time a few days before the killing and had the stomachs treated appropriately by Bushmen: they hanged up the stomach, perforated it in a determined spot and closed the opening again with a kind of strainer made of grass. Then indeed some water dripped out. Bushmen are quite accustomed to this technique of getting water even out of antelopes' (Beisa or Oryx) stomachs, animals that live on the driest steppes on even less water than a camel lives on. . . .

A camel's stomach treated in this way, about five days after the last watering, actually rendered as much as a gallon and a half of liquid. It had, of course, body temperature. It was slimy, turbid, mixed with particles of fodder, and smelled repugnantly sour. . . .

We must admit, therefore, that indeed a camel's stomach contains a certain quantity of conditionally drinkable water and that the old legend has a nucleus of truth. But the practical value of this fact is another question. For even half dead with thirst a traveler will have more hope of saving his life with a live mount than with a dead water reservoir. It is logical to suppose that he would sacrifice his animal only if it became useless to him anyway, say, due to an accident.

Mr. Gruin adds, by the way, that he himself drank neither camel's chyle nor antelope's blood (another delicacy of denizens of the desert) but quenched his thirst "more prosaically with Sinkiang's wonderfully succulent melons" obtainable "at oasis towns along the way."

The Kazaks seem to have been a little hasty.

*That "thumbs down" was the
Roman signal for death*

When a gladiator lowered his arms as a sign that he was vanquished the people pressed *down* their thumbs if they wished him to be saved (*pollices premebant*) and turned them *up* (*pollices vertebant*) if they wanted him to be killed. See the sixty-sixth line of the eighteenth epistle of the First Book of Horace — and various notes thereon by Professor Anthon and other scholars.

Whether future ages will, in a like manner, reverse Mr. Churchill's V-for-victory sign or distinguish it from the Italian sign for cuckoldry (they are identical) remains to be seen.

*That chameleons always take
the color of their background*

When an animal because of some supposed characteristic or habit acquires a moral or rhetorical value his actual, zoological, self becomes of secondary importance and if the two creatures, the biological and the mythical, clash the real will always be worsted.

The chameleon has become such a type of fickleness that there is little use insisting that the actual chameleon does not always adapt himself to the color of his background. Yet it might as well be noted in passing. "Contrary to popular opinions," says Percy A. Morris, of the Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale, in his *They Hop and Crawl*, "the color of the surroundings has nothing to do with the shade" of the chameleon. "A bright green specimen will often be seen on a gray rock, while a dull brown individual climbs about among the green leaves."

*That Dumb Doras are really
dumb*

No formula for box-office success in a movie is more certain than to have a cocky heroine enter some field which is generally regarded as a masculine

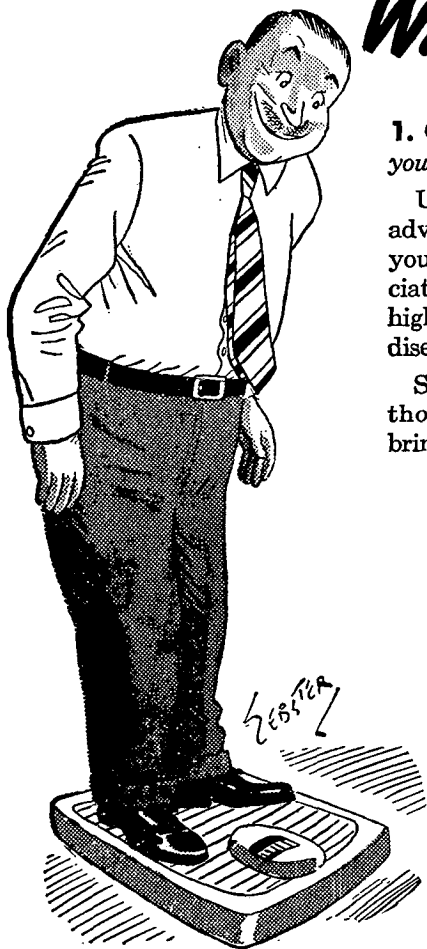
preserve, achieve some initial superficial successes and then become so entangled in difficulties that she has to be extricated by the hero who, smirking forgiveness, offers her his brain for salvation and his lapel for penitence, submission and tears.

Women in our society are still almost completely dependent upon men for their livelihood and most of them demonstrate their intelligence by taking care not to seem more intelligent than their escort thinks they ought to be. According to a study of 153 coeds, reported by Mirra Komarovsky in the *American Journal of Sociology*, many college girls deliberately play dumb to please their dates. Forty per cent admitted that they lied about their grades, making them out to be *lower* than they were, gave up arguments when they saw they might win, lost card games, begged for explanations of what they already knew, knowingly misspelled words in their letters and "jigg'd, lisp'd and ambled" in the manner which so annoyed Prince Hamlet.

*That a doctor must answer calls
where life is at stake*

A doctor is under no more obligation to exercise his skill than is any other citizen. That many people believe he is and that there is widespread indignation in those instances where a doctor refuses to act in an emergency is a tribute to the high standards which physicians have voluntarily maintained.

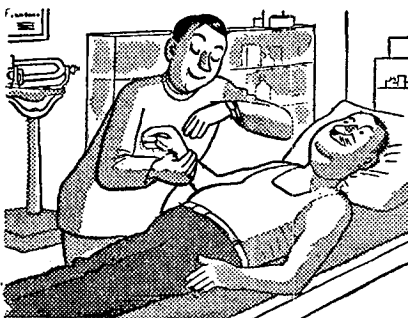
WATCH YOUR



1. Once you're over 30, it pays to *watch* your weight.

Under 30, a little overweight may be an advantage. But statistics show that when you are older, overweight is often associated with heart disease, kidney ailments, high blood pressure, diabetes, and other diseases.

So, if you're overweight, give some thought to protecting your health by bringing your weight down.

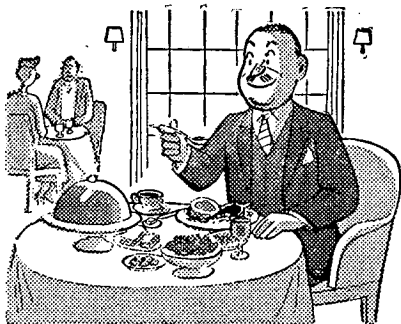


2. See your doctor first, so he can check your physical condition, suggest approved methods for losing weight, and advise you how much to lose.

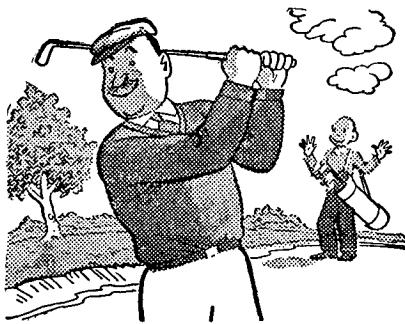
To bring you other helpful information about your weight, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet called "Overweight and Underweight." It includes lists of the caloric values of almost 300 foods, suggested low-calorie menus, and reducing exercises. Write to Metropolitan today for your free copy of this booklet, 58-L.

TO VETERANS — IF YOU HAVE

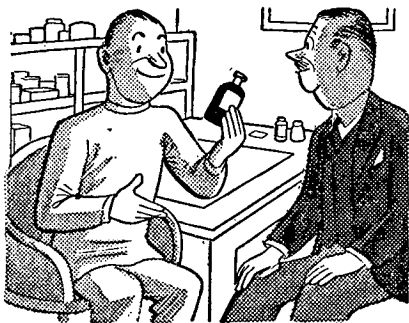
WEIGHT



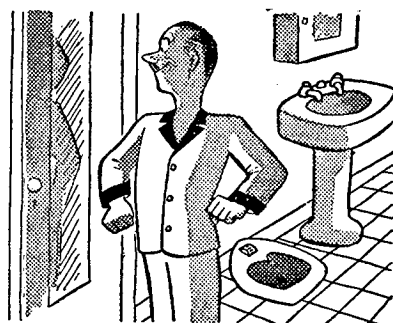
3. Your doctor will be able to help you work out a tasty, varied diet that will let you lose weight without endangering health or strength.



4. He may also ask you about the type of work you do, so that he can advise you on the kind and amount of exercise you may take.



5. It's wise not to use reducing drugs, or to try special diets unless your own doctor recommends them. They may do you more harm than good.



6. Once your weight is down to normal, try to keep it there. Remember that one step toward a longer, healthier life is watching your weight.

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THE STATE OF VERMONT

BY BARROWS MUSSEY

THERE is a Vermont story about a boy who found one of his friends tormenting a toad, and ordered him to stop. "Why should I?" the lad asked. "He's my tud, ain't he?" "No he ain't," said the humanitarian, "he's his own tud." In Vermont even the toads are independent.

Independence is the key to the Vermonter's character. But the independence is of a special kind: it is compounded of elements of conservatism, hard-headedness, frugality and a sort of provincialism, which regularly manifests itself in denunciations of "outside interference." For example: Years ago, some "developers" had a scheme to run a super-highway down the ridge of the Green Mountains. The proposal was submitted to a popular vote and the "locals" (natives, that is) rose up and slew it. Again: after the 1927 flood, which some people said would put the state back another century besides the one it was already behind, the proffered Federal aid was declined. The expenses were met by floating state bonds, which will be paid off by 1949.

To an outsider, the independence of Vermonters is often a thing stag-

gering to behold. A farmer in my town went to one of my neighbors and asked if he might buy some tenpenny nails. He only wanted a bare handful, but he positively insisted on paying a fair price. He would not have them as either a gift or a loan. Next morning he was found to have hanged himself from an apple tree, which he had climbed by nailing cleats (with my neighbor's tenpenny nails) into the trunk. True Vermonters pay their way in this world and the next.

To be as independent as a Vermonter takes capital, and this we have been fortunate in having. It is not so much the per capita income of better than a thousand dollars a year in 1945 (nearly three times what it was in 1933) as the solid resources of farm and hill. Nobody has much, but everyone can raise, dig, cut or save enough. New Hampshire, by contrast, lives on its mills and its vacationists. Vermont has some of the former and a lot of the latter, but basically Vermonters live on Vermont.

The actual land of Vermont was extremely important in developing the character of the state. The going is rocky everywhere in Vermont: the

BARROWS MUSSEY is a writer living in Vermont who has contributed to national magazines. He is the author of *Vermont Heritage*. This is the ninth in a series of state profiles.

state is first among the 48 in its production of marble, granite and asbestos, and second only to Pennsylvania in slate. The value of the whole mineral output for 1946 was around \$20 million.

The outline of Vermont is like a child's attempt to draw a tall rectangle, except that the wobbling Connecticut River on the state's eastern border flows diagonally from southwest to northeast. In area Vermont is the forty-second state (10,200 square miles). Its "Green Mountains" look like hillocks to the Westerner, but they make up in number what they lack in height — there are over nine hundred peaks more than two thousand feet above sea level. There are even a few whose steepness tempts professional mountaineers.

For reasons of geography and social climate, Vermont is naturally divided diagonally into two parts, the southeast and the northwest. The southeast, or Connecticut River, part was the earlier settled, the more conservative and possibly the more fertile, though its growing season is a lot shorter. The northwestern, or Lake Champlain, part was the land of Ethan Allen; it is traditionally crude, energetic and independent. From a strictly geographical point of view, this part of Vermont should be tributary to Montreal, not to New England.

The whole northern end is bleak, thinly populated and surprisingly flat. Although the highest mountain, Mansfield, is up north, nearly straight east from Burlington, the "hill villages"

are on higher ground at the south end, even along the Massachusetts line.

The southeastern section has a number of flourishing towns, of which Brattleboro, Bellows Falls, Springfield, Woodstock, Barre (just about on the dividing line) and St. Johnsbury are the most important; the northwestern section is heavily dominated by the state's two largest cities, Burlington and Rutland. Burlington, on Lake Champlain, once was one of the world's great lumber ports. The second regularly running commercial steamer in the world began sailing from Burlington in 1808. Vermont is still a lumbering and particularly a woodworking state, and for its size it cuts a lot of timber.

II

It does get pretty cold up here — in some places. But you can generally be a good fifteen degrees warmer in Vermont simply by going downhill twenty miles east or west off the central range. Temperatures of twenty below are common every winter all over the state, but even high in the hills the mercury rarely drops to forty below. In either case, I rise to observe, the dry air, warm ski suits and thick mittens of Vermont at twenty below are far pleasanter than the "southern" clothes and damp, raw ten-above of Washington, D. C., in January.

Another superstition is the idea that we are helplessly snowbound all winter. True, the snow cover on the Green Mountains themselves may average ten feet deep, and down the side

hills it runs from four up. But snow-plowing facilities are excellent. The rural mail — and the school children — have to get through, and every Vermont town keeps its plows running constantly during the winter. In the war years of 1943 and 1944 the state spent nearly \$430,000 on winter road maintenance.

Vermont weather also produces an attraction beyond all recording or even describing — the blazing autumn colors on the hillsides. Local newspapers like to suggest "foliage tours," but almost any slope near home, which I pass half a dozen times a day, gives me all the splendor I can take in.

The stone and sky of Vermont make themselves felt constantly, but the people are the state. And if we thought that God had made all Vermonters, we should be forced to conclude that He found them too salty for His taste, because there are not very many of them. Vermont is forty-fifth in population, and has gone steadily down the scale in relative position with each succeeding census, though it has shown a net loss only in 1920 and 1940, at which latter date the people numbered 359,231.

But the Vermonter at any given moment is quite as likely to be one by his own will as by God's. The state is constantly in the process of swapping populations. Originally it was peopled by immigrants from Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and even before 1800 Vermonters had started moving west.

Nowadays the immigrants come

from all over the Union, while the locals scatter in every direction. The census tells us that 38 per cent of native Vermonters now live in other states; as many people and more regularly flow in from outside to replace them.

The pillars of society in western New York, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin are partly founded on Vermont rock; the nineteenth century was full of famous men born in the Green Mountains. Brigham Young and Joe Smith the Mormons; Thaddeus Stevens, Stephen A. Douglas, Jim Fisk, President Chester Arthur and Admiral Dewey were all native sons. Ezra B. Eddy, the Canadian safety-match king, was a Vermonter, and so was Henry Stevens, the great London antiquarian bookseller. Stevens lived most of his life in London, but invariably signed himself "Henry Stevens, of Vermont," and often among a list of his dignities he would sneak in the initials GMB (for Green Mountain Boy) and some item like "Blackballed, Athenaeum Club," to show that he did not take titles too hard. A Negro named Prince Saunders, born at Thetford, lived to become attorney-general of Haiti.

In this century we have had President Wilson's Colonel George Harvey (who came from the same village as Thaddeus Stevens, the radical abolitionist of Civil War days), Calvin Coolidge and John Dewey. Stewart Holbrook is obviously a true Vermonter. The late Daniel Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio began railroad-

ing out of White River Junction. The grocery magnate, Charles Francis Adams, shared with President Coolidge the wry distinction of being born in Vermont into the wrong branch of a socially prominent family, which neither of them could ever live down in Boston, no matter how rich and famous they became.

Vermont has no such scruples. Many of her most useful citizens are "furriners" who have very nearly duplicated the feat once ascribed to an author by the *Atlantic Monthly* — "Born in Boston, he is now a native of California."

We have not only the people who rush home to Vermont whenever they get a moment off, like Alexander Woollcott, Rudolf Serkin, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Sir Wilfred Grenfell and Dorothy Thompson; and the people who like to work here, like Robert Frost, William Hazlett Upson and the illustrators' colony around Arlington — Norman Rockwell, Mead Schaeffer, John Atherton and William T. Schwartz —; but real pillars of the local community like U. S. Senator Ralph Flanders, the progressive industrialist; Samuel Ogden, who revived the abandoned village of Landgrove, went to the state legislature and tried vainly to unseat Vermont's lone congressman; John Hooper, the young newspaper executive, who is doing more than any other man for the drive to rebuild the school system; and a score of others too busy at home to be conspicuous abroad. Our town representative in the state legislature,

a spry storekeeper of 85, so dearly beloved that no one would dream of running against him, came from Marshall Field's native town in Massachusetts, nearly fifty miles from here.

The native stock is still vigorous too. Dorothy Canfield Fisher and her husband are the best-known examples; others are Charles Crane and Walter Hard (who both write mostly about Vermont), the Proctor tribe, and Vrest Orton, who put the hill town of Weston back on the map as a living museum of early Vermont arts and crafts.

Since nearly every Vermonter is a minority of one in some respect, the Minority Problem is not very serious. In 1940 Vermont had 16 Indians, 384 Negroes, and all of 2000 Jews. The chief minority groups in Vermont now are Italian, French-Canadian and Polish; some Irish also came in a century back, when the railroads were building. A good proportion of these groups, particularly the Poles and French-Canadians, are farmers, who mingle with their neighbors instead of forming into the tight proletarian societies that have caused resentment in Manchester and Pawtucket. By and large, Vermont is homogeneous.

III

Outside the state there is a common belief that Vermont's chief industries are maple sugar and skiing tourists. Vermont finds this notion rather profitable, but it does not square with the facts. Vermont does lead the nine maple-sugar-producing states in both

amount and quality, with some 40 per cent of the whole output; most Vermont farmers do welcome the chance for a small cash crop in a slack period of the year; and the young people do have considerable fun around the sugarhouse every March. Maple is admittedly the trademark of Vermont. But in a good year maple products do not even amount to 3 per cent of the state's agricultural output.

As to the skiers, Vermont does not worry about them enough to keep an exact count, though it certainly welcomes them. In 1945 there were probably a million tourists in the four seasons, who were roughly estimated to have spent \$18 million here.

That is a lot of people and a lot of money, but it is not enough to govern the life of Vermont. Even in depression years the forests yielded more than that in logs, lumber and wooden manufactures. The forests also produced some \$8 million worth of paper and pulp.

And still it is the farmers, not the loggers, who have put their stamp on the state. All Vermont school children are carefully taught that theirs is the only state in the Union with more cows than people (which I doubt); more than half of Boston's milk comes from Vermont, and New York draws about half as much as Boston. It is hardly any safer to mention margarine above a whisper in Vermont than it is in Wisconsin.

Some of the bleakest southern Vermont hilltops, at which a cow would turn up her nose, produce magnifi-

cantly as fruit farms. Apples and peaches are tricky things to raise between frosts at two thousand feet, halfway to the North Pole; but I have never seen anything from Oregon or Georgia to touch them, once grown.

We are a state, too, of Yankee tinkers. The first carpenters' steel squares were made by a blacksmith in South Shaftsbury named Silas Harris. Another blacksmith, Thomas Davenport of Brandon, made the first electric motor in 1837, and with it he ran the first electric car. Thaddeus Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury invented the modern platform scale in 1830. Captain Samuel Morey, though really a pillar of New Hampshire, built and ran his paddlewheel steamboat up and down the Connecticut opposite Fairlee, Vermont, in 1793; he passed his later years in Fairlee, and there one of his boats is unreliably alleged to be at the bottom of Lake Morey. Elisha Otis, the elevator man, came from the town next to mine; I have always suspected that he first dreamed of his invention when toiling from Guilford, which is 400 feet above sea level, home to Halifax, which is 1600 feet. Scores of other inventions, including barbed wire and the steam calliope, can also be claimed for Vermonters.

The most concentrated workshop of Yankee tinkering in my experience is the village of Springfield, Vermont, in the gorge of the Black River. In 1945 Springfield reported a population of 7720. This population, with help from rural commuters, mans the great machine-tool plants of Jones &

Lamson, the Fellows Gear Shaper Company, the Bryant Chucking Grinder Company, and the Lovejoy Tool Company. Springfield must certainly produce more machine tools than any other place of its size in the world — and it ships them out to the railroad by trolley.

During the recent war Vermont, the only New England state with no seacoast, built submarines on Lake Champlain; but this was not so startling as the achievement of a New York shipbuilder named Brown in 1814. Brown went up into the woods near the Vermont city of Vergennes (population 1700) on Otter Creek, and started cutting down trees. Forty days from the first swing of the axe he began floating out the ships with which Commodore Macdonough won the Battle of Lake Champlain and saved Vermont from the British. And I suppose you might say that Dewey's victory at Manila Bay was won on the parade ground of Norwich University in Northfield, where the Admiral first wore a uniform.

IV

John Gunther recently observed that Wisconsin and Vermont had the cleanest state politics he had found anywhere in the country. After considering the chronic one-party governments of New York and Philadelphia, we may be a little surprised at our own political righteousness — until we remember how little there is to steal. In politics, the phrase should not be “poor *but* honest.”

Of course all Vermont political battles are fought out in the Republican primaries; Federally appointed Democratic postmasters are kept on their mettle to give superior service and shame the Republicans. The upshot is that Vermont Republicans range from blinkered fossils like Congressman Charles Plumley to forthright internationalists like Warren Austin. I even know influential young Republicans who invite CIO organizers to dinner, whereas my own grandmother used to go down to the Connecticut River at Hartland and look across with a shudder at Democratic New Hampshire, “where the wicked people lived.”

Most small states are “owned” by some family or corporation; Vermont has one of each, but their ownership is so gentle as to be completely unknown to seven Vermonters out of ten. The family is the marble-quarrying Proctors. In the last election Governor Mortimer Proctor was defeated for a second term by a quite unattached Brattleboro lawyer, Ernest Gibson, so that the Proctor dominion can scarcely be called feudal.

The corporation is the New England Power Company, which owns land as well as water rights, and sometimes finds itself dealing in goods that have precious little to do with public power; but so long as Vermont does not molest the Power Company, the Power Company does not molest Vermont.

So much for the sinister machinations of finance capital. Another devil,

the Demon Rum, has flustered Vermont more. A hogshead of rum was a customary item of expense in raising a church a century and a half ago — not a heavy outlay, because it might cost a quarter a gallon. For such a worthy purpose it may even have been cheaper.

A learned neighbor, the Reverend Owen Washburn, tells me, however, that it was not rum but the temptation of the apple that brought on state prohibition in 1852. Choppers would go into the woods, taking a jug of hard cider for encouragement. A cider drunk is a mean drunk, and axe murders were plentiful. Vermont finally got tired of losing its scarce help. Even after state prohibition was abandoned, the separate towns were overwhelmingly dry until the Noble Experiment overtook them.

Labor in Vermont has always been a way to make a day's pay, not a pressure group. Unions have made reasonable headway in the larger factories but none whatever in such crafts as the building trades. My neighbors won't have a union telling them not to paint a door after they have hung it, and that's that.

The very phrase "Vermont farmer" makes some people imagine an ignorant old bluenose resisting city ideas with a shotgun. But in point of fact we haven't done so badly by our minds, though our souls may be in some danger. (A horrified Connecticut divine reported in 1789: "Colchester & Burlington all deists & proper

heathen. People pay little regard to ye Sabbath, hunt & fish on that day frequently. About 1-2 would be glad to have ye Gospel & to support public worship & ye gospel Ministry. The rest would chuse to have no Sabbath no ministers — no religion — no heaven — no hell — no morality.")

The schools have been a prime concern ever since Vermont joined the Union. Its constitution was the first to incorporate provisions for a public school system, all the way from the first grade through college. At the remote hamlet of Concord Corner the Reverend Samuel Read Hall started this country's first normal school (1823), wrote the first American textbook of teaching and introduced the first schoolroom blackboard.

Vermont always tolerates new ideas, but seldom really welcomes them until they have proved themselves. The town of Putney (not typical because its prosperity is now from city money) ran out John Humphrey Noyes, the Oneida Community man, in 1847 for his Complex Marriage theory. In 1935 it ran out a summer theatre whose members insisted on wearing shorts. Yet that same year it became the home of a coeducational boarding-school that can only be called Progressive with a capital P.

The colleges of Vermont range from Middlebury, whose first graduate emerged in 1802, and the University (first Commencement 1804) down to Bennington, one of the first junior colleges for girls, which opened in 1932, and Marlboro College, a mildly

progressive institution for boys that opened in the fall of 1947.

Whenever I am tempted to think that appreciation of the arts flourishes better in town, I remember an elderly neighbor of mine who farms and works in a machine shop. Rudolf Serkin gave a piano concert in Brattleboro the night of a blizzard, and I encountered my neighbor during intermission. I started to offer some banality about the snow, but he forestalled me with a bright-eyed "Gosh, he certainly can play, can't he?"

For that matter, nobody who did not prefer a view to mere comfort would have built houses in most of the places where Vermont houses are. I take these as a more important sign than the various museums and art exhibits that serve to impress the world with Vermonters' love of beauty.

Vermont now seems the essence of placid conservatism, almost a petrified social remnant of a pre-Revolutionary world. The most vociferous Vermont patriots are either converted new arrivals like Woolcott and Dorothy Thompson or native-born exiles. The people who were born in Vermont and stayed do not feel obliged to justify their choice.

There are, however, those that agree with the Scotchman who said honesty was the best policy — he had tried both, so he knew. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Charles Crane, Vrest Orton and, most recently, General

Merritt Edson of the Marine Corps have returned to Vermont after part of a lifetime away. They feel, fortunately for us, that they have both the exile's and the newcomer's enthusiasm.

In this they are throwing back to earlier Vermont ways, before the state had grown elderly and serene. A keen observer of a hundred years ago remarked that Vermont had been the Texas of the original colonies, and Ethan Allen and Seth Warner its Sam Houston and Stephen Austin.

Little by little the new Wild West took away from Vermont both its wildness and its westerliness. The redoubtable President Timothy Dwight of Yale concluded his famous denunciation of the Vermont pioneers with the remark, "In mercy, therefore, to the sober, industrious, and well-disposed inhabitants, Providence has opened in the vast Western wilderness a retreat, sufficiently alluring to draw them away from the land of their nativity." And besides the people, the West took their occupations. Vermont began as a wheat-growing country, and the wheat blight and the Erie Canal killed that. Next it became the nation's sheep run, and the lush western plains killed that. Even her little copper and iron mines succumbed to the brawling abundance of the new west.

And so there was nothing left for the Vermonters at home to do but saw wood, save money and grow respectable.

WHAT CAUSES ALCOHOLISM?

BY ALSON J. SMITH

MOST of the writers and researchers in the field of alcoholism — including this one — have been going on the premise that chronic alcoholism was always the symptom of some personality difficulty and should be dealt with by psychological (rather than physiological) means. People, in this view, became alcoholics to escape from unpleasant situations at home or at work, or to compensate for feelings of inferiority, or to punish their mothers, or because they are breaking down mentally.

But for some time strong misgivings about the adequacy of this “escape” theory of alcohol addiction have been expressed by experts — among them Dr. Anton J. Carlson, President of the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, and Dr. Abraham Myerson of the Harvard Medical School. They incline to give more weight to physiological factors, though not denying completely the psychological.

Dr. Myerson, for instance, has pointed out that the “escape” theory is inadequate in that the environ-

mental difficulties of the person who turns to alcohol are not always greater than those of people who remain sober, and many times are not nearly as great. When he was in charge of the psychological screen at the Boston Induction Center during the war, Dr. Myerson noted that there was almost no excessive drinking among men of Jewish background who came before him, but that there was an amazingly high rate of alcohol addiction (and deterioration) among men of Irish background. Yet, Dr. Myerson observed, the Jew in the Boston area had a great many more environmental difficulties than the Irishman, who, as a matter of fact, enjoyed a preferred position. “The truth is,” said Dr. Myerson, “that to be a Jew in our day is not only to *have* an anxiety neurosis, but almost to *be* one.” Certainly in our world Jews would seem to have even more reason than other racial groups to escape, to compensate and to punish themselves. But they do not take to alcohol. (Immanuel Kant noted that this was true even in the Germany of his day.) Other argu-

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ments can also be adduced to discount the "escape" theory: of two twins, one becomes an alcoholic, the other remains a substantial citizen. Yet their environment has been the same. Again: there are many more male alcoholics than female — yet women certainly have as many neurotic difficulties as men and probably more.

The proponents of the "escape" theory still maintain, however, that, despite many such illustrations, alcoholism has usually been symptomatic of some psychological difficulty. But now some important new evidence refuting the "escape" theory has come to light. At the University of Texas Dr. Roger J. Williams, Director of the Biochemical Institute of that school, has been experimenting with the relationship of alcohol to basic metabolism. Writing in the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*, Dr. Williams suggests that alcoholism, in many cases, may simply be due to the same "inborn errors of metabolism" that produces such metabolic idiosyncrasies as alcaptonuria, cystinuria, etc. In other words, the alcoholic may not be trying to escape or compensate or punish; he may be simply the unfortunate victim of the same kind of abnormal metabolic equipment that produces diabetes. He cannot handle alcohol any more than a diabetic can handle sugar.

If Dr. Williams is right — and his theory makes sense to medical men — it may now be possible to detect a potential alcoholic *in advance* through simple tests. We may also anticipate

that the present methods of dealing with alcoholism — all of which are primarily psychological (Alcoholics Anonymous, Conditioned Reflex, Psychotherapy) — may now be backed up by physiological treatment which will raise the general level of "cures" from the present 25-40 per cent to more respectable heights.

II

The key to an understanding of the relation of alcohol to metabolism lies in the fact of *metabolic individuality*. Each of us, that is, inherits a pattern of enzymes and enzyme systems which, though generally similar to our parents', *in detail* is as distinctive as our fingerprints. No two metabolic systems are exactly alike: that is why we have such an infinite variety of blood groups, body odors, etc. (Most people cannot detect any difference in body odors, or even notice any odor at all — if that soap company will pardon me — but a bloodhound will notice and will be able to follow the individual scent through a perfect maze of other scents.) Metabolic individuality also explains why novocaine may not be especially effective when the dentist pulls your tooth, but will do quite well for your brother; or why coffee puts you to sleep when it keeps others awake. For the same reason no surgeon can ever predict just how a patient will respond to anesthesia. And Jack Spratt, who could eat no fat, was just expressing his metabolic individuality, as was his wife, who could eat no lean.

Alcohol is second to nothing in bringing out the versatility of metabolic equipment. Dr. W. W. Jetter, writing in the *American Journal of Medical Science*, states that out of 1000 case histories, 10.5 per cent were intoxicated when the alcohol concentration in their blood was only 0.05 per cent while 6.7 per cent were adjudged sober when the concentration was eight times as high, 0.40 per cent. This means that some people may be practically sober after having drunk enough to induce coma in most people. The man who can still navigate circumspectly with an alcohol concentration of 0.40 per cent in his blood is certainly expressing his metabolic individuality, for a concentration just a little higher — 0.50 per cent — is considered lethal.

Never was this difference in ability to “hold” alcohol better illustrated than in an incident that took place on a New Jersey commuting train a few years ago. Two friends who rode into the city to work each day got into an argument about their respective alcoholic capacities — always a silly argument. Egged on by other commuters, they decided to settle the question by each bringing a quart of whisky on the daily trip and seeing which could consume the most and walk off the train in the best condition at the end of the hour-and-a-quarter run. A number of bets were made and general hilarity ensued on the Friday morning that the argument was to be settled. Both men succeeded in “killing” about two thirds of a quart by

the time the train got to Penn Station. One of them weaved off the train and collected the winner’s share of the bet. The other man couldn’t get off at all. He was dead.

Not only are there wide differences in the amount of alcohol needed to produce drunkenness, there are also significant differences in the rate of *withdrawal* of alcohol from the system. In six cases observed by the Danish physiologist E. M. P. Widmark, the rate of disappearance of alcohol from the blood varied all the way from an index of 0.00176 mg. per cc. per minute to 0.00317. Thus people differ widely in their ability to take it on and hold it, and also in their ability to get rid of it.

And everybody is familiar with the fact that people act in a great variety of ways once the point of intoxication is reached. Some are sleepy, some uproariously wide awake. Some are happy and love everybody, others are pugnacious and ready to punch their own grandmothers. Some want to lie down, others want to climb the chandelier. Signs of intoxication which apply to one individual may not apply at all to another, which is why such “tests” as walking a straight line, counting up to twenty, reading, etc., are next to useless. Even the most reliable test we know — sampling the alcohol in the blood — is, as we have seen, subject to great individual variability. Not everyone with the generally-accepted 0.25 per cent alcohol in the blood is drunk, and not everybody with 0.50 per cent is dead.

III

Another alcoholic phenomena that it is difficult to attribute to anything but metabolic individuality is what is known as *pathological intoxication*. Not only alcoholics but mere occasional drinkers may suffer from this malady, which often becomes manifest after the drinking of only a small amount of alcohol. In typical cases the individual has a drink or so, goes berserk, lashes out at people, commits theft, rape, even murder, but, after a long sleep, will have no recollection of having done anything out of the ordinary. There was a good illustration of this in New York not long ago when a man pulled out a knife in the subway, drove everybody out of the car and slashed the upholstery to ribbons. When he woke up in the police station he could not remember the incident.

Often these "pathological drunks" are quiet, decent fellows when they are not drinking. The writer's mail brings a couple of good illustrations:

My eldest son drinks very much. He is a wonderful person when not under the influence of drink and . . . is now 30 years of age, with a fine wife and seven-year-old step-son. But he is like one insane when under the influence of drink, which is often. He is also dangerous, as he turns on the ones he loves and who love him and wants to do them bodily harm. He has even made attempts on their lives. He is a barber by trade, a good man who has many friends when he is not drinking. . . .

In another letter, a girl talks about her boy-friend:

He is the type of drinker who cannot hold more than three drinks without getting sarcastic, argumentative, and stubborn. He doesn't realize how much he has had after about four or five drinks and says things he can't remember saying later. He would knock anyone down who tried to keep him from drinking after he has passed this first stage of indulgence. His tongue gets thick, he doesn't think or talk clearly, his eyes are glassy and he staggers quite a lot. To meet him the next day, when he is sober, you would never know he was the same person. He has a nice smile and a nice personality and his friends think the world of him . . . they overlook the crazy way he is when he is drinking because they know he is not like that when he is sober. . . .

This sort of thing, says Dr. Williams, is comparable to drug idiosyncrasy and probably has the same biochemical basis. The peculiarity of the behavior of the pathological drunk cannot be attributed to anything distinctive about the alcohol itself, since *all* intoxicated people do not act that way and often not enough alcohol has been consumed to produce actual intoxication. It must be due to the effects of the alcohol upon the distinctive cortical metabolism of that particular individual.

Still another indication of the presence of a metabolic element in alcohol addiction is the development in some people of an insatiable craving for alcohol — a craving that does not differ in any significant way from other cravings to which little psychological significance can be attached — for instance the "sweet tooth" craving for sugar, the craving for coffee (some individuals drink twenty or more cups

a day), the craving for citrus fruits, etc. Some develop this craving at an early age after a very short period of drinking, while others may drink excessively all their lives without developing such a craving. There is a case on record of a man who died at the age of 93 after having drunk a quart of Scotch whisky every day for the last 60 years of his life, all the while successfully managing an important business! Case histories like that seldom find their way into articles on alcoholism. But — there are plenty of case histories of young men who have developed an intolerable craving for alcohol by the time they are in their twenties and are well on the road to complete disintegration by the time they are 25. It is a fact that alcoholics who have become addicted before they are 28 years of age are seldom cured.

Why? Because, says Dr. Williams, they have inherited a metabolic pattern which makes it possible for them to develop quickly an intense appetite for the drug alcohol. On the other hand, the 93-year-old gentleman who was accustomed to killing a quart of Scotch a day had been bequeathed a metabolism that treated alcohol as a joke.

At this point it may be proper to ask just what *is* an alcoholic — a person who can't take it, or a person who *can* take it and therefore takes too much of it?

The answer is — both. An alcoholic is a person whose drinking is compulsive — that is, someone who feels

compelled to indulge to the point of intoxication and whose indulgence interferes with the normal social and business relationships of his life. And the cause of this irresistible compulsion to drink to the point of intoxication, Dr. Williams suggests, is not *only* or perhaps not even *primarily* a desire for the escape from reality that intoxication brings, but rather a metabolic *craving* for alcohol combined with the kind of metabolic equipment that will not allow a stop until the craving is completely silenced by intoxication. And individual difference in metabolic equipment determines whether or not this intoxication comes early — perhaps at a whiff of the bar rag — or late, after fifteen dry martinis.

IV

Alcoholism itself, the experts agree, is not inherited. How explain, then, the fact that 60 per cent of all inebriates studied have been found to have parents or grandparents who were inebriates? The answer is, says the doctor, that the metabolic pattern *is* inherited, and a pattern that is unresponsive to alcohol — one in which no craving is established — can be passed on from generation to generation. (This explains why there is so little alcoholism among those of Jewish descent.) This explanation would be quite in accord with what medical science knows about the distinctive metabolic traits of the various ethnic groups. Diabetes mellitus, a metabolic disease the predisposition to which is

inherited as a simple Mendelian recessive, is at least twice as common among Jews as among Gentiles, and some authorities say it is as much as seven times more prevalent among Jews. Buerger's disease, which involves an unusual response to nicotine, was at one time thought to be restricted to Jewish people, but in the recent past has cropped up in non-Jews as well. But the vast majority of its victims are still Jews.

There is, of course, no such thing as a "pure" race. But neither is there such a complete mixing that all hereditary characteristics are lost. It is entirely reasonable to suppose that Jews, by and large, may inherit a metabolic pattern that gives them a high resistance to alcoholism, while persons of Irish descent — also by and large — inherit a metabolic pattern that gives them practically no resistance at all. This explanation of the phenomena of the absence of alcoholism among Jews and its prevalence among Irishmen is about the only explanation that makes much sense, although other socio-cultural factors undoubtedly contribute to the picture.

A final fact pointing to the significance of metabolism in the alcohol problem is the fact that the alcoholic is on an all-or-nothing basis. "Like garlic," says Dr. Robert Seliger, "there is no such thing as a little alcohol." The alcoholic either keeps on drinking to excess or he stops drinking altogether. Total abstinence is a central tenet of every program of recovery

from alcoholism. The alcoholic who wants to go "dry" can't take it or leave it — he has to leave it completely. If alcoholism were based merely on psychological stresses and difficulties, after these had been resolved through psychotherapy it should be possible for the alcoholic to return to normal and drink normally. But this never happens. The alcoholic can never become a "normal" drinker. That first drink will always be a trigger which will set off an uncontrollable chain reaction which will end him in the gutter or the jail. This, says Dr. Williams, is because he can never trade his metabolic equipment for another, no matter how thoroughly "adjusted" he may become mentally and emotionally.

This "chain-reaction" nature of the alcoholic's drinking is illustrated by the following letters to the writer. The first is from a railroad fireman, a veteran of the First World War:

I have been sober now for five weeks. I do not crave drink but my one danger is *that first drink*. Why I will take that first one is beyond me, especially when I am clean and looking good. I thought maybe you could offer me some advice. My wife has divorced me. . . .

The second letter is from an engineer who worked on the atomic bomb project:

I have always been in good health and made good money and am not financially embarrassed now, but I fear the consequences of leaving the hospital to work in some other city as I have been advised to do, as I know from past experience what the result will be, as engineers are pretty

much two-fisted drinkers the world over. . . .

I have gone anywhere from six months to four years without a drink, but the result has always been the same — one drink in an unguarded moment, and the next stop is the hospital, and sedatives. . . .

All this is not to say that the escape, compensation and punishment factors — the psychological factors — are not important. They are. Even with a metabolic equipment that can't handle alcohol a man will not become an alcoholic unless environmental and other factors push him that way. But it *is* to say that no matter how much a man may be impelled to "escape," etc., *via* alcohol, he won't succeed unless his metabolism is of the right kind. The psycho-

logical does not overbalance the physiological to the extent that we previously thought.

This is important both as regards treatment and prevention. If the metabolic element is so important, it may be possible to counteract alcohol with another drug in treatment, just as insulin counteracts sugar in diabetes. And through certain metabolic tests it may be possible to tell *in advance* how any individual's metabolism will react to alcohol.

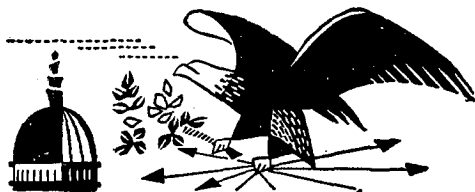
And so it may be that you aren't drinking to get away from it all, or because you can't turn out great literature, or because you hated your father. Maybe you just have a metabolic machine that won't run on alcohol.

PHRASE ORIGINS—28

SIDE-KICK: *This expression, meaning a partner or good friend, is derived from the argot of an ancient and dishonorable craft — the picking of pockets. Pickpockets have, over the centuries, developed a lively and vigorous speech of their own, which, naturally enough, has reflected a consuming interest in the intimate details of dress. It is not an exaggeration to say that the skilled pickpocket thinks of the world in terms of pockets and how to "make" them. The vocabulary of the trade has, perhaps, been enriched by the inordinate professional pride of the pickpocket, which may have been developed as a compensation for the low repute in which he is held by other underworld operators. Pickpockets have a special name for almost every piece of clothing, with a special and affectionate emphasis on the pockets. A side-trousers pocket is a breech-kick (pronounced and usually spelled britch by the brethren), or, more specifically, a left-britch or right-britch. Hip pockets are prat-kicks (left prat, right prat) or just prats. Vest pockets are jerves or jerbs, watch pockets are mouse-kicks, breast pockets are pits, inside pockets (of a coat or vest) are insiders and suit-coat pockets are tails or tail-pits. The overcoat pockets are side-kicks. One's partners and friends, like his overcoat pockets, are always at his side.*

DAVID W. MAURER and EVERETT DEBAUN

THE STATE OF THE UNION



HOW STALIN CAN BE STOPPED

by EUGENE LYONS

FROM the end of the war till the day Beneš surrendered to Klement Gottwald, Czechoslovakia was the focus of our delusion about the possibility of a genuine rapprochement between the totalitarian East and the democratic West. The Communist *coup* in that country, its tragedy dramatized by the death of Jan Masaryk, has put an end to this delusion. It gave point to *Izvestia's* recent warning that "an intermediate position between West and East is impossible."

The case of Czechoslovakia is only another proof that no amount of "understanding" and "good will" will deter the Kremlin from its expansionist course. It becomes clearer every day that Stalin's régime, born in violence and nurtured in terror, understands only the language of power.

Appeasements — from Teheran and Yalta through the inglorious peace-treaty negotiations — have failed. The United Nations has proved itself unequal to the growing challenge. Only those who are playing the Kremlin's game, or are its muddled dupes, fail to recognize that superior strength — psychological, diplomatic and if necessary military — is needed to turn back the Soviet offensive for world dominion.

The key fact is that every extension of Soviet control and influence brings the danger of a military showdown closer. We need only visualize the climax of the process now underway — Russian domination of the whole Eurasian land mass, from the English Channel to the Pacific — to acknowledge that a Third World War would then become inevitable.¹

Common sense therefore dictates that we halt that expansion this side

¹ A detailed discussion of the military problems that would arise in a possible Russo-American war is to be found in William Ziff's article on page 519 of this issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. — THE EDITORS.

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of inevitability. It is not tough talk but tough action that has thus far saved Greece and Turkey from being swallowed by the Communists, though, it is true, it has not discouraged the guerrillas much. It is the promise of concrete action, through the Marshall Plan, that has contained the Communists at least temporarily in France and Italy. The timely exertion of force in dimensions short of war holds the sole hope for preventing all-out war and its attendant horrors — of which the possibility of defeat and totalitarian enslavement is surely the greatest.

The Western world under American leadership still has the preponderance of potential power. Our industrial resources are superior to those of the Soviet Union and its satellites. We still have a monopoly of the atomic weapon, a qualitative superiority in air power, and a decisive head-start in the race for other technological weapons. These factors give us time and space for preventive measures today to obviate the need for resort to war tomorrow.

The most significant consideration is the certainty that Soviet Russia is not yet in a position to wage war with any real assurance of victory. Even the most ardent apologists for Moscow policy — men like Henry Wallace or Edgar Snow — emphasize this fact. Russian losses in men and substance in the last war were enormous, and the wounds have not been healed. Continuing purges of every department of Soviet life confirm re-

ports that popular morale is at the lowest level in Soviet history. The hopes generated in the Russian masses by wartime propaganda and promises have collapsed in deep disillusionment; the stepped-up police terror since the end of the war, the frantic attacks on Western ideas, reflect an undeclared war between the rulers and their restive subjects.

Soviet economy is still far below the prewar peaks and living conditions are indescribably wretched. Even if the current five-year plan is fulfilled 100 per cent, the USSR will remain a secondary industrial nation. That is one reason why the Kremlin is so eager to tighten its hold on industrially vital areas in Eastern Europe and northern China.

In addition, the job of consolidating control over territories and populations behind the Iron Curtain is far from finished. Moscow has reason to fear that the advent of war would precipitate resistance and sabotage in every one of its captive areas. A substantial portion of its military strength would have to be diverted to policing its conquered regions and holding down its own discontented masses. The Western world thus has every justification for a program based on the supposition that the Soviet leaders must at this stage retreat under pressures short of war.

II

In outlining some of the ingredients of a firm and positive program, I acknowledge that the wisdom and

efficacy of this or that specific step may be open to argument. My purpose is primarily to indicate that there are things we *can* do; that we have room for diplomatic maneuvering and prophylactic action to head off a Third World War.

Once a strategic decision to act has been made, the tactical details will be governed by conditions as they develop. The Marshall Plan is likely to have received congressional sanction by the time these words see print. Its values are not only economic, in restoring industrial life and raising living standards, but psychological, in stiffening the morale and the will to resist Communist subversion in the nations affected. A military-economic union of Britain, France and the Benelux nations is taking shape. It will be meaningless without a forthright pledge of American support. If our determination to halt the march of aggression is earnest, such a pledge should be made without delay or ambiguity. Beyond that, here are some other pressures worth immediate implementation:

(1) *China*: The civil war under way in China is in truth a major battle in the struggle for world control. Soviet Russia is militarily exposed in the Far East; its industrial base for war-making is thousands of miles inland. It will hesitate to precipitate war in Europe as long as its back door in Asia is unprotected. The consolidation of a primary industrial area in Manchuria, as a guarantee against a two-front war, is therefore the most

vital immediate task before the Kremlin leaders. That job is being done by their Chinese fifth column, the Chinese Communists.

All-out American military aid to the Nationalist Government of Chiang Kai-shek — in terms of weapons, aircraft, munitions and strategic brains — can still prevent the transformation of North China, and ultimately all of China with its 400 million inhabitants, into a tool of Soviet aggression. It should be made available without delay or inhibitions.

(2) *War-time Commitments*: Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam mark the major stages of Anglo-American appeasement of the Soviet Union. The immoral concessions made in those agreements must be repudiated. Moscow has in effect repudiated them already, not in words but in acts, since it has failed to live up to any of the obligations it assumed in those documents. In effect we are today operating under a set of rules to which we adhere and Russia does not.

The United States has sufficient moral and legal grounds for declaring those three sets of commitments null and void, with the onus of their bankruptcy squarely on the nation which has violated them from the outset. We are under no necessity to remain the legal partner of the Kremlin in its dominion over Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania and the rest of its new empire.

(3) *The Baltic Nations*: Washington still formally recognizes the independence and sovereignty of Lithu-

ania, Latvia and Estonia. It is on record as opposing the "predatory activities" whereby those countries have been enslaved to the USSR. The time is over-ripe to carry our stand to its logical conclusion. We should encourage the setting up of governments-in-exile for the three Baltic republics, and should bring their case before the United Nations. Such action would dramatize America's anti-imperialist views and give new hope and new heart to resistance movements throughout the Soviet sphere of conquest.

(4) *Minority Governments*: In direct violation of undertakings to provide "free and unfettered elections," Stalin has maneuvered Communist minorities into power in Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, Hungary, Rumania and Czechoslovakia. At this writing the case of one of these nations, Czechoslovakia, is being brought before the United Nations. The effort can and should be widened to include all the others. Meanwhile the United States and other democratic nations should withdraw diplomatic recognition from the imposed régimes and stimulate the organization of governments-in-exile for every one of them. The moral and diplomatic isolation of the Communist minorities must be made complete. The very process of examination of the facts before the United Nations — and world opinion — would constitute a significant victory in the so-called cold war.

(5) *Propaganda Offensive*: A deci-

sive struggle for the mind of the human race is now in progress. The democracies are losing by default. Our "Voice of America" is a piddling and pathetic effort when contrasted with the mighty anti-American and anti-democratic propaganda conducted by the Soviet Union, its satellites and its Communist fifth columns throughout the world.

We should mount a propaganda counter-offensive commensurate with the Soviet offensive, countering Moscow's propaganda of the lie with a vast propaganda of the truth. Every medium of enlightenment — radio, the press, posters, motion pictures — must be mobilized to make known the facts of life inside Russia; the terror in Soviet-dominated countries; the real aims of Communist fifth columns. A "Voice of Russian Freedom" operating from periphery areas should talk 24 hours a day to the Russian people; and corresponding "voices" to the masses of every other Communist-controlled nation. Once we accept the challenge of the Soviet propaganda, we have the means and the skills to win the crucial psychological struggle.

(6) *Slave Labor*: The weakest link in the Soviet armor is its system of forced labor, which has turned at least 12 million Soviet subjects into slaves of the state. A serious, uninhibited inquiry into that horrifying fact should be launched, either through the United Nations or an independent international commission. Literally scores of thousands of men and women

who have themselves been Soviet slaves are available as witnesses. A fact-finding effort with maximum publicity would be a blow to Soviet pretenses and prestige — especially among the laboring masses of the world.

(7) *Loot*: Since the end of the war the Soviet authorities have stripped one country after another, from Manchuria to Austria and Germany, of industrial machinery and other goods. The loot by this time doubtless comes to a staggering total. Through the United Nations — and if that fails, through an autonomous international commission — Moscow must be presented with a detailed bill for its depredations and a demand that it disgorge.

(8) *Foreign Legion*: Hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men of military age, most of them seasoned veterans of the war, are eager to enter military formations under the flags of free nations. They are fugitives from Communism in their homelands — Russians, Ukrainians, Hungarians, Czechs, Yugoslavs, etc. Many of them are lingering in Displaced Persons camps.

Either under theegis of the U. S. Army or in a special formation under control of a group of Western nations, this human material can be turned into a useful military force. It would be in effect a democratic counterpart of the “international brigades” organized by the Communists from time to time. This “foreign legion” or “international freedom legion” would be

useful in policing occupation areas now and, should worst come to worst, it would provide the nucleus for an effective international army against totalitarian aggression. Its very launching would constitute a proof that the democracies “mean business” and would give us the initiative in the deepening war of nerves.

(9) *Guarantees to Threatened Nations*: The Truman Doctrine was originally a unilateral American guarantee of the freedom of Greece and Turkey. It should be extended to other countries living fearfully in the shadow of Soviet threats. Italy is the most obvious case in point — its fate seems in the balance as these words are written. The Scandinavian nations are also menaced; only their dread of Soviet reprisals has stopped them thus far from entering into mutual defense arrangements, or from joining France and Britain in a military union.

Soviet seizure of those countries, whether through direct force and through internal fifth-column pressures, must be specifically defined in advance as tantamount to declaration of war on America, Britain and other free nations. Should the Kremlin proceed notwithstanding, it will at least know in advance — as Nazi Germany knew when it marched into Poland — that it was asking for a showdown. That knowledge, indeed, is the one thing which is certain to make Soviet Russia think twice before risking the ultimate test.

(10) *The Atom Bomb*: Only the opposition of the Soviet bloc of na-

tions has prevented the acceptance of the generous American plan for international control of the atom bomb, as presented by Bernard Baruch. But there is nothing to keep the rest of the world from proceeding with that plan without Russia and its satellites. When the International Atomic Development Authority is set up, a final invitation to Moscow to join should be issued, on conditions of rigid inspection and control. If, as is likely, the USSR still refuses to cooperate, it will have voluntarily accepted the status of an outlaw in the atomic world.

(11) *National Defense*: Though it is listed here last, the immediate adoption of a great and rounded American plan of national defense is the number one "must." Without it all the other measures will seem devoid of reality. The one-sided American disarmament at the end of the war, particularly the dismantling of our air power, was a colossal blunder which should be quickly rem-

edied. The Finletter Report on Aviation and the report of the Joint Congressional Aviation Policy Board point the way in the strategic area which will be decisive in any future struggle: the air. Our stockpile of atomic bombs will be worthless unless we have the force to deliver them.

These points, of course, do not exhaust the possibilities for action open to us. They merely illustrate the kind of action needed to implement a policy of actual, as against merely verbal, firmness. The United Nations organization can be used to rally the forces of freedom remaining in the world. Should the Kremlin withdraw from the UN, no harm will have been done. The organization would then become in effect a world alliance against Soviet aggression and a powerful deterrent to Soviet ambitions.

There need be no Third World War. The certainty of resistance by an armed and alerted world can stop the Soviet Union in its tracks.

PHRASE ORIGINS—29

HOODLUM: *This expression has established itself securely in the American vernacular as a synonym for "ruffian" or "thug." Curiously, however, no evidence of its use can be found before 1870, when it abruptly cropped up in San Francisco. Its origin has remained a matter for debate ever since, but most authorities believe it was coined by a San Francisco newspaperman who was seeking some new and ingenious appellation to confer on a band of street urchins notorious in the city. He is supposed finally to have lit upon the device of reversing the name of the gang's leader, one Muldoon. When the reporter turned in his copy the compositor misread the hastily scrawled N in Noodlum as an H, and set it in type that way. Seventy-eight years have passed since then, but no one has yet seen fit to rectify the error.*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

A STORY

BY GEORGE LOVERIDGE

THE morning of his fifteenth birthday, Andy Welsh played baseball, using the new, professional-model glove that was a present from his father. Andy was too awkward and near-sighted to play on a team, so he had to be content with pickup games on a vacant lot; but at the moment, walking home alone and swinging the new glove, he was pleased with himself, for he had, inadvertently, hit a home run. He would have liked to tell his father about it at once, but his father was at work. Andy grinned through his spectacles at the world in general. A thin stalk of a boy with dark hair cut short, he looked something like a thistle.

On the way home he met nobody he could report his feat to, only Mrs. Hardy, the druggist's wife, who wouldn't have been interested, and Mr. Croft, the carpenter, who might have been interested but passed on the other side of the street with his head down in an attitude of thought. Even at the house there was no opportunity. The Murphys, on the first floor, were away for a week. As he climbed

past the second floor, Andy heard laughing in the Wendlaws' flat, but the door was closed and nobody happened to open it and come out. He went up to the third floor, took the key out of the egg carton in the refrigerator, and unlocked the door. "Mother" was in his mouth, for he had not yet quite accustomed himself to her being away, but the word remained unspoken. What would she give him for his birthday? A watch, he thought. He had hinted for one.

The five small rooms were clean and orderly, and they were quiet with the heavy quiet that for a time fills the place of anybody who has left and will not be back. The boy stood moodily in the kitchen. He tossed the glove up twice without enthusiasm and caught it. The second time it hit the ceiling. The table was set for his lunch, and a can of vegetable soup was on the gas range, where his father had left it for him. Andy went into his bedroom and dropped the glove onto the bed. A photograph of his mother stood on his dresser. She was pictured sitting on a beach chair with

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her legs crossed; her black hair came down to her shoulders in the style of a young girl. She was 35. The picture had been taken the summer before, when she and Andy and his father were vacationing. Andy studied the face, which was smiling and turned slightly to one side. His mother was pretty, he thought. Prettier than the mothers of his friends. But his father didn't want her back and he had put the wedding picture away in a closet. She had never had a picture of him. When she went she took the framed pictures of movie actors from the bedroom; they left unfaded rectangles on the flowered wallpaper. She was ten years younger than her husband, and she used to throw it up to him that she had married when she didn't know any better, before she was old enough to understand what she was getting. It had made Andy sick to his stomach sometimes, lying in bed and hearing her go at his father. Still, he missed her.

II

He undressed and stood under the shower, without heating the water. The water in the pipes was warm enough on a hot day. It massaged his face and trickled pleasantly down his chest and back. "I'm not a withered up old fool like you," she used to say. "I want to dance. I want to do things before I die." And his father used to say, "If you walked fifteen miles a day carrying a bag of letters you wouldn't want to dance at night either," and he went on arranging his

collection of autographs. She screamed, "You can spend money on those things but you can't buy me a new dress, can you? I'm fed up. I'm fed up." One day she burned the collection.

"Anyway," Andy thought, as he dried himself, "they don't fight any more." But the silence of peace oppressed him almost as much as the fighting had done. He began to whistle, jerkily, in enforced rhythm with the motion of the towel. They might have made up—in fact, they did several times make up—and everything might still have been all right, if she hadn't met Mr. Cottrell; he was the one mainly to blame, though Andy's father said that if it hadn't been Mr. Cottrell it would have been somebody else. Andy wrapped the towel around his middle and flexed his biceps in front of the mirror, taking an attitude that he had seen assumed by a strong man in a magazine advertisement. He turned round and judged the effect over his shoulder. The effect was rather disheartening. There was nothing to suggest, even to his ardent imagination, that he was equipped to cope with Mr. Cottrell. What was worse, he didn't think his father could cope with Mr. Cottrell either. Andy knocked Mr. Cottrell down a couple of times with vicious sweeps of his right. It made him feel better.

Then with a melancholy and reflective air, he drew on clean shorts. A question that had often troubled him troubled him again: If his mother

hadn't liked his father because he was too old, why had she married Mr. Cottrell, who was older than his father? No doubt, as his father said, women, even one's mother, were impossible to fathom. *Fathom*. That was the word his father used to describe it. Without dressing further, the boy returned to the kitchen, emptied the can of soup into a pan, and put it over a flame on the stove. He collected some bread, cake, two pears, and a few other odds and ends, which he piled on the table. From the refrigerator he fetched a bottle of ginger ale. A snappy tune beat up through the floor from the Wendlaws' radio.

Then there was the war, it took more money to live, and she was tired of hanging around the house all the time or going to the movies by herself, his mother said, so she went to work in a factory that made electrical apparatus. She became an inspector, and it was there that she met Mr. Cottrell. He was her boss and he drove her home nights. It helped him to get more gasoline for his car if he had a passenger. It was at this same table in the kitchen that they had all sat the first time Mr. Cottrell came into the house. He was a bachelor and he seldom got a home-cooked meal, Andy's mother explained, so she invited him. She used up half a month's sugar ration to make a couple of rhubarb pies. Mr. Cottrell said they were wonderful. He took a whole one home with him. "How did you know I liked rhubarb pie?" he asked.

"You told me, silly," she said.

Andy's father, who preferred squash pie, said nothing. Mr. Cottrell seemed amused by everything — by the furniture, by Andy, by Andy's father, by his own presence there. He held his fork very delicately in his large, hairy hand. From time to time he smiled at Andy's mother as though there were some secret between them. After supper he smoked a cigar and gave one to Andy's father, and he laughed at a mention of the autograph collections and laughed at some drawings Andy had made of a horse.

"I think they're very good," said Andy's mother, but Mr. Cottrell just smiled and said, "Where does that get anybody, drawing pictures?"

III

As he remembered these things, Andy poured himself some more ginger ale. He forgot he had hit a home run. All he could think of was the night his mother hadn't returned from work until after eleven o'clock and had refused to tell his father where she had been. That night Andy's father slept in Andy's room. He slept there for several weeks, until things got better. But they only got worse, and presently there was a notice in the newspapers that Mrs. Welsh had been granted an uncontested divorce on grounds of extreme cruelty. Andy didn't know just what that meant and he didn't want to ask his father, but he was sure there was something wrong about it. Mrs. Wendlaw and Mrs. Murphy both said it was a shame. Six months later, when the

decree was final (he didn't fully understand that either), his mother married Mr. Cottrell.

Andy ate the second pear, not really tasting it. The Wendlaws' radio had stopped, and the burdensome silence lay on the house again. There was not a sound in the whole neighborhood. The boy assembled the dishes in the sink with a reassuring clatter and ran cold water over them. Then he put on his new brown slacks and his tan sport shirt.

It had been part of the divorce arrangement that he could visit his mother once a week. He both wanted to and dreaded to. Even the prospect of the watch didn't overcome his anxiety at the likelihood of meeting Mr. Cottrell. Whenever he thought of Mr. Cottrell something clouded in his mind and knotted in his belly; he couldn't actually see Mr. Cottrell in his thoughts as a person, like his father or like Mr. Croft, the carpenter, but only as a Something, a force, a presence left over from fairy story days, the ogre that bewitched and ate good people. He considered poisoning Mr. Cottrell. He imagined him killed in an automobile accident or the victim of a Bludgeon Slaying or a Gang Feud. In the fairy stories something satisfactory always happened to such beings, but nothing seemed to happen to Mr. Cottrell, and for some reason it appeared unlikely to Andy that even Joe Louis could do much about Mr. Cottrell.

It was one o'clock when Andy set out. He thought of riding his bicycle

but decided not to, fearing to get grease on his slacks. Even under the maples of Glenmore Street the air was hot with August, so he took his time. An old lady spoke to him from a porch, and he called to a boy who was mowing a lawn. At one place, where a sprinkler was spouting water onto the sidewalk, he had to walk in the gutter. If his mother hadn't got a divorce, he reflected, he could have passed the afternoon swimming.

His mother and her husband lived about a mile distant, in a white Cape Cod cottage with dormer windows. When he approached the cottage, Andy saw his mother sitting in the shade of a small grape arbor, sewing buttons on a shirt. He unlatched the white gate and called, "Hello, mother."

"Hello, darling," she said, tossing her long, black curls and smiling.

He leaned over to kiss her, saying, "I hit a home run."

"Did you? Good for you, Andy. How nice you look. Imagine, fifteen years. How is your father?"

"Dad's all right. Where's — ?"

"Just getting up. Happy birthday and many returns." She placed her sewing in a basket beside her on the grass. "Shall I get your present now or wait?"

"I can wait."

"I'm making a chocolate cake, too. Did you have lunch?"

"Uh."

"You're getting to look more like your father all the time."

He did not say anything.

"School in a few more days, isn't there, Andy? You won't like that."

"I won't mind."

"That's the boy. Get an education. Make something of yourself. Are you going to art school at night this winter?"

"I hope I am. I expect I am, all right. Did you have a nice vacation, mother?"

"Yes, very nice. Did you get my cards? I'm sorry you couldn't go away this year, darling."

He shrugged. "I had a good time. I played ball. I went swimming."

IV

As she began telling him about the automobile trip to Gaspé Peninsula from which she and her husband had just returned, the screen door at the rear of the cottage opened and Jack Cottrell came out. He was a short, rather powerful man, not quite 50, dressed in old khaki trousers and a short-sleeved green shirt. His feet were bare.

"Oh," he said, without smiling, "company. How are you, Andy?"

He approached and held out his hand. The boy shook hands, wincing slightly in the man's intentionally heavy grip.

"It's his birthday, you know, Jack. Congratulate him," the mother said.

"Birthday? How old are you? Thirteen?"

"Oh, Andy, he's just trying to get your goat," she said, laughing. "Fifteen, Jack. He looks more like sixteen to me."

"When you going to get some meat on you, boy?" Jack Cottrell said, still with a serious face. "Play baseball?"

"He got a home run this morning, Jack."

"Luck, was it?"

Andy nodded.

"Play for the school team?"

"I'm not good enough."

"I used to catch for the high school. I could snap one down to second like a shot, from a squat. What else do you do?"

"I don't play on any team. I can swim."

The man turned away as though he had forgotten Andy. He pinched his wife on the upper arm, so that she cried "Oh!" partly in surprise and partly in pain, and he said, "How about a little food, kid?"

"You hurt me."

"I was just fooling. I'm hungry."

"Come when I call you," she said, and she went towards the house, rubbing her arm. "I'll be back in a few minutes, Andy."

When the screen door had closed behind her, Jack Cottrell said, "You going to college?"

"I don't know," the boy said shortly, looking at the ground. He removed his glasses and polished the lenses with a handkerchief. He had an uneasiness in his stomach; his hands were cold and his mouth was dry. He felt weak.

"I hear you want to be an artist," Cottrell said.

"I like to draw."

"*That'll* never get you anywhere."

The boy said suddenly, "I can wrestle a little."

"Wrestle?"

"My father showed me some holds."

Jack Cottrell observed him with good-humored disdain. "Your father? What does *he* know about wrestling?"

"He knows more than you."

"Well," Cottrell said, amused, "I'll tell you what: let's wrestle. It'll give me an appetite. We got to watch out not to get those pretty pants dirty, though."

The boy put his glasses on the chair where his mother had been sitting, and he and the man faced each other. "Take hold like this," Cottrell said, placing his right hand at the back of the boy's neck, and allowing the boy to take a similar position. They shoved back and forth on the grass. "That's right," the man said. Andy rushed forward and Cottrell hollered, "Goddam it! Keep off my feet. I ain't got any shoes on." He thrust hard against Andy's chest. The boy fell backwards. "OK," the man said. "Come on, now. But watch it."

Andy arose, panting, and they closed again. Cottrell allowed him to get in back and grasp him around the waist, and Andy strained but could not raise his opponent, so Cottrell pretended to be thrown and went down easily on his right side. As he did so, the boy's knee struck him in the small of the back. He grunted.

At once Andy twisted Cottrell's left arm behind him and thrust the wrist up towards the shoulderblade

with all his strength. He dug his shoes into the ground and pushed with both arms against Cottrell's one arm, sobbing in a high voice, "Damn you! Damn you!" He could not see anything but a green blur of the man's shirt. Cottrell screamed, "Let go! You want to break my arm?" He hitched forward to ease the pressure and with a furious threshing he turned and flung the boy six feet away.

The mother had run from the house, and as Cottrell sprang up, she seized him by the hair, "Jack, Jack!" she cried. "Don't. You'll hurt him. Don't, Jack!" Looking into his eyes she thought, too stunned for terror, "He's going to kill me."

But his thick arms slowly dropped. He brushed her hand away from his head. Without looking at either of them again, he went into the house.

The boy got to his feet, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. She handed him his glasses, kissed him, stroked his bristly hair.

"Are you hurt, Andy?"

"I'm all right."

"Don't say anything to your father, will you?"

"No."

She pressed his arm. "I'm sorry, Andy. So awfully sorry. What was it? What was it about?"

"Nothing. It's all right."

"You'd better go, darling," she said quickly. "I don't want you to, but you'd better. I'll send the cake, and the present. It's a watch, darling. The one you wanted. It's the one with the metal strap."

He nodded, but he was unable to speak.

She watched him walking away. His slacks and shirt were stained from the grass. His elbows were dirty. He

carried the spectacles dangling in his right hand and wavered a little as he walked.

When he came to the corner he turned it without looking back.

IN A CEMETERY

BY MARION DOYLE

How these neighbor
Skulls must laugh
At each other's
Epitaph:

Man and Woman
Who, in life,
Sped the sweet years
By in strife,

Lie together,
Side by side;
So cold a groom,
So sad a bride.

"Belovéd Wife"
Carved on her stone
"Belovéd Husband"
On his own.

When Death, the hound,
Has caught his quarry,
They need no
Obituary:

Rather on
The cenotaphs
Of the living
Carve your laughs.

JAMES MADISON, NATIONALIST

BY IRVING BRANT

WHEN James Madison was close to 80 years old, he was given the originals of the letters he had written to Thomas Jefferson over the course of half a century. Among them was one dated April 22, 1783, in which there appeared a paragraph in numerical cipher. Scratching this out until scarcely a trace of the numbers could be seen, he wrote down the side of the paragraph, "Undecipherable."

It is not really so, even today. Decoded (by my wife) in several weeks of microscopic application, the almost illegible cipher tells of his plans to marry sixteen-year-old Kitty Floyd of New York at the end of the year. The wound caused by her rupture of the engagement never healed and he had no desire that the world be told about it.

There was something symbolic in that action. Madison came close to writing the word "undecipherable" down the whole broadside of his life. Of all the great figures in the early years of the United States, his is to us the most vague, the most elusive, the most unsatisfactory. Scrupulously

honest, he suppressed little and distorted nothing in his voluminous writings; yet the whole written record is mysterious and misleading.

Known among friends for his sparkling conversation and salacious wit, he left so little trace of these qualities in his written words that Max Farrand was able to write an essay entitled: "If James Madison Had Had a Sense of Humor." To read his writings a few sentences at a time is to come into enlivening contact with one of the clearest and most penetrating of minds. To read them in large doses is like eating chalk.

Squeamish editors have added to the chalkiness by relentless expurgations, in the manner of Parson Weems. Did Madison write that passion had committed a rape upon the understanding? That must not be published. Did he ridicule the ludicrous vanity of Peace Commissioner John Adams in 1782? Let no such sacrilege reach the public. Did he excoriate Arthur Lee for his malice? Blue-pencil it. The result has been to preserve Madison himself as a passionless,

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disembodied brain, vaguely known to Americans today as the "Father of the Constitution" and the inefficient executive at our head during the War of 1812.

And yet, in a larger sense, it is Madison who has been the expurgator, not merely of his personal writings, but of a public work which went far to fashion the nation and its government. In his youth, in Virginia and in the Continental Congress, an overpowering modesty caused him to discuss his own activities as if they were the work of other men. In later years, after his political thinking had changed, the desire to fortify new views tightened the bar of silence concerning old ones.

The result is that one must virtually penetrate a cipher in order to reconstruct the work and thought of the foremost founder of our constitutional government — *at and before the time of its framing*. When this is done, it lifts the quiet Virginian to an unsuspected strategic leadership in the political side of the Revolution.

Again and again, by superb strategy, he saved the French alliance and Benjamin Franklin (its ministerial bulwark in Paris) from American saboteurs. Public records reveal nothing of what lay behind Madison's 1780 instructions to Minister Jay, in defense of the American claims to the West and to navigation of the Mississippi through Spanish territories. Pictured in history as the mellow fruit of congressional unanimity, these claims were actually not validated

without a knock-down battle against western land speculators who hoped to profit through a division of the West between Spain and England. Again, abandoning Virginia's imperialistic claim to ownership of the Old Northwest, but constantly combating the Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey speculators who sought these lands under the guise of a common fund, he steered a three-year course which finally made them the heritage of the nation.

II

All through Madison's work in the Continental Congress, in the decade before the drafting of the Constitution, there is such an emphasis upon American nationhood as to overturn the prevailing concepts of historians. In a country governed by a written eighteenth-century charter, that has an importance not limited to literary museums. To reappraise James Madison is to reappraise the basis and scope of the powers of Congress.

No such enigma presents itself in the life of Madison's great antagonist, Alexander Hamilton, with whom he came into conflict immediately after their partnership in the promotion and ratification of the new Constitution. Washington's Secretary of the Treasury, distrusting the common people and seeking to bind men of wealth to the new government, merely applied the principles which he had held from boyhood. Today, few persons would be without a ready answer to such questions as:

Who campaigned first and most zealously for Federal supremacy over the states?

Who set forth the doctrine of broad implied powers in a government limited to express powers?

Who originated the demand for Federal assumption of state war debts?

Who first asserted the sweeping discretionary power given to Congress by the "necessary and proper" clause of the Constitution?

The answer in each instance would be Hamilton, and in each instance it would be wrong. Every one of these propositions came first from Madison. They were at the core of his thinking on the powers of government in the formative period before and during the writing of the Constitution.

It has been recognized, though to an inadequate extent, that Madison had a nationalistic outlook prior to the organization of the new government in 1789. So completely did this disappear from the later record of his life that it has seemed a momentary and meaningless aberration, to which no weight need be attached.

But when Madison's legislative record is studied — his record from 1780 to 1783 in the Continental Congress, and from 1784 to 1786 in the Virginia House of Delegates — we can see that his early nationalism was a thing of magnitude and force. We can see him vigorously defending the principle of national sovereignty even in the period of the Confederation.

Madison entered public life in

1776, at the age of 25, as a member of the Virginia convention which made the first call for a Declaration of Independence by Congress. A zealot in the Revolutionary cause, fiercely hating Tories, he was likewise a radical in his devotion to republican government. He quickly rose to leadership in the fight for separation of church and state.

Sent to the Continental Congress in 1780, the young Virginian sensed at once a fact to which most American historians have been blind — that this weak and ineffectual directing body of the Revolution had not always been so, but had sunk toward impotence from an earlier level of unchallenged power. As long as Congress continued to issue paper money, Madison wrote to Jefferson at this time, "they had the whole wealth and resources of the continent within their command, and could go on with their affairs independently and as they pleased." When, due to depreciation of the currency, they ceased to operate the money presses, this power was "entirely given up, and they are now as dependent on the states as the King of England is on the Parliament."

Always a political realist, Madison recognized that financial power was the basis of political power; he saw how the latter disappeared after the former was lost. When it came to theory, he saw the people of the states as the source of a common national sovereignty which the states, as states, were usurping. The United

States, to him, was a nation from the first day of its independence, and he championed its dignity and prestige as readily against the rising tide of state sovereignty as against enemies and detractors in the international field. One need but read the phrases which came from him, either directly or as a committee product, to recognize the unceasing emphasis upon American nationhood at a time when historians are prone to say there was none:

"Hold up the United States to the world in a style and title not derogatory to the character of an independent and sovereign people."

"The dignity of the United States as a sovereign and independent nation. . . ."

"The United States in Congress assembled . . . judging it inconsistent with their dignity as a free and independent nation. . . ."

All this was written during the Revolution. When Diplomat Henry Laurens petitioned Parliament in 1781 for release from the Tower of London, Madison declared that he had thereby "prostrated the dignity of his country, wounded its honor, and as far as in him lay denied its sovereignty and independence." The deepest injury was that his petition was offered "not as coming from a citizen of the United States but a native of South Carolina."

With such a philosophy, it was inevitable that Madison should fight for adequate power in Congress to carry on the war, and for national

rather than local objectives in organization for peace. His adversaries in general were the same — men whose provincial outlook made them fearful alike of Federal power and of European allies, and whose self-centered ambition thrived on provincial loyalties and prejudices.

III

The effect was to focus Madison's attention on unbridled state sovereignty as the domestic foe most to be feared. Seeking at the outset to restore the lost Federal powers, he declared in 1781 that under the just-ratified Articles of Confederation, "a general and implied power" was vested in Congress to enforce the articles (by military action if necessary) against any resisting state. He cited, as an example, the refusal of Delaware to respect a Federal embargo upon foreign trade.

Resorting specifically to the use of implied powers, he secured an order of Congress, in conflict with state laws, for impressment of Army supplies. He strengthened the wartime embargo. He put through a resolution providing for the admission, by Congress, of new states into the Union. He cordially approved of a government guaranty of the capital stock and expenses of the Bank of Philadelphia. After the fighting had ended, he proposed that the Army be used to cut off trade with enemy-held New York, not for military purposes, but to safeguard the specie supply of the Bank of North America, render it

easier for people to pay taxes, and protect "honest and lawful commerce." He believed that Congress, under the treaty power, could regulate commerce and override state law in doing so.

All these implied powers were found by Madison in the Articles of Confederation, even though the Articles declared that "every power, jurisdiction and right" not "*expressly* delegated" to Congress was retained by each state. Hamilton and John Marshall, thanks to Madison, had no such hurdle to jump in the new Constitution, for he kept the word "*expressly*" out of the Tenth Amendment.

All that the War of the Revolution failed to do, in making Madison hostile to state sovereignty, was accomplished between 1783 and 1787 by discriminatory state regulations of trade, interstate trade wars, state rejection of Federal requisitions for money, and the debasing of state currency in order to wipe out debts. The cumulative effect of all of this can be found in the famous letters he wrote in the spring of 1787, to Washington, Jefferson and Edmund Randolph, upon the proper form of a new constitution.

Taken out of their context, these letters show a perplexing hostility to the states, made almost unreal by Madison's later states-rightism. Seen as the culmination of his seven-year fight for national power, against "state interests, state prejudices, state aggrandizement" (his words in 1783),

however, they climax a record which jars the States Rights doctrine to its very base.

In his conflict with Hamilton, from 1789 onward, Madison was completely consistent in the continuity of his economic and social views. Politically, he swung from nationalism to states rights because he saw the powers of the new government utilized for purposes he loathed — to enrich speculators, tie moneyed men to the administration and destroy civil liberties guaranteed by the Constitution. In December of 1782, in the Continental Congress, Madison and Hamilton fought as sharply on the first two of these points, in connection with the redemption of continental currency, as they did a decade later, but they were united in the general purpose of strengthening the government. Federal assumption of state debts, which he afterwards fought, was then proposed by Madison. If it had been adopted at the time, there would have been no orgy of speculation turning it into a bonanza for sharpers.

The difference between the two men can be followed in the *Federalist Papers*, written by them and Jay when their teamwork was closest. Madison's share in that polemical study of government is being rated higher all the time, partly because of the lasting application of his thought to the world today, partly because modern scholarship (in particular, the work of Douglass Adair added to that of E. G. Bourne) has proved conclu-

sively that he wrote every one of the articles previously in dispute.

Madison merits the title of "Father of the Constitution," but not for the reasons the title was originally bestowed on him. The phrase resulted from the universal resort to him, during the last third of his 85 years, for Constitutional interpretations based on his memory and his unpublished records of the Federal Convention. It became a common belief that he wrote the Constitution, with little or no aid from others. In reality, he merely furnished as much as any man to a document fashioned in strife and compromise. His later interpretations gave no hint of the zealous nationalism which characterized his work at the Convention.

Madison took the first steps leading to the convention. He provided the working outline on which the Constitution was based. He kept a record of debates which inspires awe and gratitude for its completeness and fidelity. His greatest contribution, however, was made in the cloister. In long periods of intensive study, he penetrated the weaknesses of republics, fathomed the sources of their potential strength and shaped his conclusions for the convention's guidance.

If the genius of Madison can be brought to focus in one point, it lies in his rejection of Montesquieu's assumption that virtue was to be found in small republics, his acceptance of Hume's doctrine that the conflicting interests of classes could be neutralized in a larger sphere of government,

and his own conclusion that this justified *Federal* republican government, on a *democratic* basis, extending over a whole continent. Minority rights, both of persons and property, would then be safe.

It was Madison's clear presentation of this thesis in the Constitutional Convention that prevented any swing toward monarchy or aristocracy among delegates agitated by Shays' Rebellion and shocked by state laws designed to wipe out private debts. His famous analysis of the contending classes in civilized societies — rich and poor, debtors and creditors, etc. — was not an argument for restriction of political rights. It was an argument that this was unnecessary (save for added stability in a Senate) because size of territory and variety of interests furnished an automatic check, in the national government, upon selfishness and passion. Only the states, being small republics, need be restrained. On that principle the United States Constitution was written, political rights were established and liberties proclaimed.

Madison saw this basic conception threatened in the policies of the Federalist party, which he looked on both as a money party and a destroyer of civil liberties. Jeffersonian democracy, to whose creation he contributed far more than is usually recognized, was seen not as a political faction but as the general opponent of factional self-interest and tyranny.

Madison's later swing to state sovereignty was at bottom a resort to

that diversity of interest which he regarded as the basic safeguard of the republic. This swelled his fame as long as Jeffersonian principles served the common man. But when the nation outran strict construction, and states rights became the defensive weapon of freebooting wealth, the effect was different. The blanket thrown over Madison's early nationalism, and the long failure to uncover his political generalship in the Revolution, then dropped him far below the true level of his contribution to American statecraft. It made him, ultimately, an instrument for undermining his own principles of fair dealing.

In the deepest sense, Madison showed lifelong consistency. His promotion, while Secretary of State, of

the Louisiana Purchase, was a carrying on of territorial nationalism. The states rights to which he turned after 1789 were unbreakably coated with Union cement, as nullifiers and secessionists were to find out. Continuity and growth marked his devotion to self-government and civil rights. "A government resting on a minority," he declared in his old age, "is an aristocracy, not a republic." Freedom of religion, including the absolute cutting off of churches and church schools from state support, was for him the first safeguard of all freedom.

It will be for this fervent dedication to liberty and national unity, rather than for anything he accomplished in his eight years in the Presidency, that historians of the future will remember James Madison.

NO SALVAGE

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

No treasure ship is ever raised:
Air turns the gold to golden mist;
Bullion, doubloons, and massy plate,
Moidores that nuzzling fish have kissed,
All vanish as they break the wave.

Dark in the weeds the treasure lies,
Or bright against hard silver sands;
Deep now, and deeper, eager eyes
Direct the diver's groping hands —
Till the sea's floor becomes a grave.

No treasure ship is ever raised.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE :



BIRD-SONG

BY CUSTOM, we speak of the utterance of birds as "song"; and we tend to cherish a back-of-the-mind notion that our human performances in music are only a kind of hopelessly inadequate imitation of the pure and perfect melodies of the wild. In the spirit of Joyce Kilmer's *Trees*, we would have it that any fool may with sufficient training and application learn to emit the gross human effort called a song, but that only God, speaking through His birds, produces truly perfect song, sweet with a musical loveliness possible only to the Source of all perfections.

It is a harmless enough fancy, no doubt, and certainly not deserving an angrily contemptuous contradiction. But still the fact is that it is a fancy only, and on the whole a very empty one.

It is true that there are a few birds — a very few — which utter something like a melody, in the human sense; and their songs have occasionally suggested ideas to human musi-

cians and been incorporated and elaborated in the works of human composers. The common morning and evening song that male robins utter now in May and throughout the breeding season — the song that sounds something like a liquid and lilting repetition of the words *cheerily-cheerup, cheerily-cheerup* — is recognizable in several human songs and pieces of popular music. Altered only a very little by human art, it can be turned into a pleasant bit of rollicking in the *Country Garden* style of Percy Grainger. At least one distinguished music critic has pointed out an interesting resemblance between the early spring song of the song sparrow — that early spring song which is a slow, broken, pauseful version of the tumultuous songs the sparrow utters later in the season — and the four opening notes of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. The song of the hermit thrush has been incorporated, with greater or less success, in several works by minor composers; and there used to be a popular form of entertainment in which "bird-whistlers" as-

tonished their audiences by first imitating the songs of several kinds of birds and then re-arranging and blending these until suddenly, lo!, there were heard to emerge the well-known strains of some esteemed hymn or popular light classic. Back in the days when the "talking machine" was still a great marvel and excitement, these oddly gifted artists made numerous records of their performances; and perhaps they make some still.

Actually the usability of bird-songs in a human musical composition, however, is very rare. The conformation of bird-song patterns to anything like the patterns required in what humanly we mean by music occurs only in brief flashes of coincidence. For every bird that utters a sound at all resembling human music, there are a score that make themselves heard only in cacklings, cluckings, screams, caws, rattlings, yammerings, chatteringings, gratings and rasping yawps. And there are a score of others that confine themselves to uttering only such inconsequential little lisps and twitters as the bird-books solemnly render by the syllables *zwee-zwee* or *prrr-prrr* or — most common of all bird-sounds, and most sublimely simple — just *tst*.

The actual song-performance of birds, as distinguished from their songs as musically rendered by the skillful lips of the old-time "bird-whistlers," has in recent years been scientifically recorded. Scientists associated with the Laboratory of Ornithology of Cornell University, for instance, have recorded a whole al-

bum of bird-songs, transcribed (often under conditions of immense difficulty) in the field.

A listener can find few true "songs" among these sounds made by our birds. But he can hear a recorded drumming, by a ruffed grouse, that may stir and shake him to his depths. He can hear a whooping and clattering and hollering, by prairie chickens, which, if his dog is in the room, will make the animal's eyes glitter and his breath come pantingly and his whole body grow taut and trembling with the spell of ancient wildness. He can hear a record of the long, low murmuring calling of a wood pewee which may make him suddenly find, to his embarrassed astonishment, that he is weeping.

And that, of course, is the whole point. The songs of birds are not music; no. They are something less than that . . . and something more.

II

True music, like true painting or literature, is in the nature of an intellectual exercise. To write a great composition, or to hear it as it needs to be heard, requires the use of the faculty of mind. It requires certain disciplines of attention and rejection; it requires an act of the conscious will; it requires an effort of the controlled self. The sounds of birds are the product of no such discipline; nor are we, when we hear them, so disciplined. What bird-sounds are, quite simply, is animal spontaneities . . . noises straight out of the meadow-grass,

out of the blue sky and the green leaves, out of anger and fright and love, out of the blood. And what we are when we hear them, equally simply, is our old animal selves, our pre-disciplined selves, our selves that go back and back to our aboriginal days of immediately responsive animality. No painting, above the level of calendar-art, is primarily calculated to "remind us of something." No music, above the level of the cheapest, is composed to "sound like" some familiar thing, and so stir us by appeal to associative memory. But the evocation of old, old memory is exactly the thing that bird-song does, in its unmusical way.

The silly little piping whistle of a field sparrow, according to its final long-drawn reedy *sweet-see-see-ee-ee*, is by no stretch of nomenclature music. But, speaking straight to the pre-sophisticated heart of us, it evokes every hot dry stubbly pasture-land that we ever explored in the summer noons of our boyhood; and we hear it and think it an incomparable music, for it conjures a dream. The song of a wood pewee is the very voice of the coolest, deepest glades of the green depths of the woods. It has the smell of leaf-mould in it, and pine-needles, and the sound of small ice-cold brooks. It is no melody to charm a musician. But it is a sound to strike a man in his vitals, as he may be struck by the naked directness of the smile of a small child, or as he may be struck by the look of someone whom he loves, sleeping. It is only a sentimental non-

sense to think that crested flycatchers sing. They don't. They cry *Whawpl*, with a kind of ringing toneless stridence that might make any concert-master cover his ears. But, very deep down, there is a part of us to which they sing. They sing to that area of us which also responds when a fox squalls, and when we hear the noisy croaking and trilling of frogs in the May marsh, and when we smell the smell of wet earth. It is that area of us of the persistent existence of which we are reminded when we feel a subtle sensation of prickling and creeping at the back of our necks: the old deep animal-experience of what was once the rising of our hackles.

III

In what circumstances do birds make the noises we call their songs?

There are species that begin singing in the very early spring, on their northward migration flights. Many warblers do this, and so do red-winged blackbirds. More commonly, singing is a performance of the breeding season. It is male birds' way of paying address to females, and their way also of crying out a claim to a particular territory, within which the nest will be built. Some birds sing flight-songs, in the fashion of the Old World skylarks. Our ovenbird does that. In the dusk of a May evening, his common call — the insistent *teacher, teacher, teacher!* that sounds so penetratingly in the daytime woods — may give place to a wild, rushing, ringing flight-song that is a very different and much

more stirring thing. Sometimes birds sing at night, while they seem to be sleeping. Chipping sparrows and song sparrows, particularly, are given to uttering in the midnight darkness little muffled, sleepy-sounding, shortened versions of their daytime songs. It is supposed that perhaps, in their dim little bird-way, they dream. Sometimes birds sing for no reason that can be ascribed. They just mount a high twig, or launch into flight, and pour out their sound. The old naturalists used to say that this kind of singing was just for the glory of God. It must be only the dimmest sort of materialist, dead to all poetry and shut out forever from all of old Josiah Royce's "world of appreciation," who will insist that it is not so.

And how do birds utter their songs? Not with the larynx, as men and all mammals do. Birds use a structure called the syrinx. It is down at the bottom of the trachea, about where it divides into the bronchial tubes. The vibration of the membranes there, as air rushes past them, is what produces the noises birds make. Paired muscles control the syrinx membranes, and by their tension or relaxation regulate

the character of the song the bird emits.

Whatever that character may be, it is not often, in our human terms, music. But to say so is in no way to make little of it. Music is all very well, and a great glory of our creative intelligence. But sometimes we all grow weary, weary, of the things of the mind, weary of the effort to assert our humanity by putting one musical note formally with another note, one word fitly with another word, premise neatly with conclusion. We would rest. We would lie back, as the ancient phrase goes, on the bosom of the green earth, and be ministered to.

The foolish little wiry *tsee-tsee-tsee* of a black and white warbler, then, can freshen us with the restorative magic of woods and swamps. The unmelodic *wichity-wichity* of a yellow-throat can pour straight into us the peculiar and indescribable strength that resides in a dusty blackberry-tangle under the hot sun. These bird-songs are not music. Of course they are not. Nor would we trade them, in certain hours of our need, for all the symphonies and operas that ever have been composed.



CHICAGO'S HEALTH CRUSADER

BY PAUL DE KRUIF

IN CHICAGO one day this past winter, all firemen had been ordered out of a building wrecked by an explosion. Five persons had been killed. In the ruins one man was alive, pinned down, crushed and moaning.

Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Chicago's health commissioner, started to crawl to him under heavy flooring that was slowly sagging.

"Hey, *you* can't go in there!" shouted the fire marshal. Bundesen paid no attention. He took morphine and blankets to the injured man.

In disasters, such deeds are routine for Bundesen; that's one reason for the devotion of his hard-bitten army of doctors and health workers. Chicago's rough-and-tumble death-fighter is 65, with grizzled hair but with the build and energy of a young boxer in top condition. With more staying-power than the youngest, he prods his health department into pioneering techniques that have saved thousands of lives and made Chicago the spear-head of the world's fight to wipe out needless death. Chicago is notable as a city of 3.5 million people where only three persons died from diphtheria

last year; where deadly milk-borne infections are practically non-existent; where contagious syphilis is being attacked with extraordinary success; where the death-rate of newborn babies is the lowest of any large city in the world.

In Chicago (where politics are not gentle) Dr. Bundesen, with only a brief interlude, has served for 26 years as health commissioner under five mayors — Republicans and Democrats. From bankers to taxi drivers, everybody in the city knows him and says "Hello, Doc." Best of all, he's known to Chicago's and the nation's mothers: over 12 million copies of his famous book *Our Babies* have helped them raise their children. His health column is syndicated in more than 500 newspapers.

If he'd tried to, Herman Bundesen could hardly have picked out a more diseased city than Chicago when he started what was then a one-man war against death. The city's milk was rotten with bovine tuberculosis. Syphilis and gonorrhea were widespread because the hoodlums who ran chains of brothels opposed, at the

PAUL DE KRUIF is well known as a bacteriologist and writer, whose articles have appeared in many national magazines. He is the author of many books, including *Microbe Hunters*, *Hunger Fighters*, *Men Against Death* and *The Male Hormone*.

points of their gats, all efforts to clean up these pest-holes. The infant death rate was nationally notorious.

Bundesen would hardly have been made health commissioner in 1922 if the politicians had realized his highest qualification, namely, that he was a shade tougher than the characters responsible for Chicago's shameful health record. As a tow-headed eight-year-old he'd escaped down a gutter-spout from Chicago's Orphan Asylum. As a street gamin (his two best pals later served life terms for murder), he lived by peddling papers and working in tough saloons.

One day he snowballed the plug hat off the venerable head of Bishop Cheney of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Instead of bawling out young Bundesen, the Bishop complimented him on his marksmanship and invited him to come to Sunday School. He started going to Sunday School because he thought he could steal from the coatrooms; but when he met friendly, helpful people there, of a sort he had never known before, he changed his attitude toward society. Eventually he developed his own personal religion, white hot determination to devote his life to the sick and dying.

He determined to become a doctor, and after high school entered Northwestern University Medical School. There he helped fill his belly by volunteering to eat free meals in tests of food preservatives that *might* poison you after you'd eaten them for months. He earned his six-by-ten

windowless room by working as an orderly, rushing bedpans in Wesley Hospital. Over bodies in the morgue he was bitten by hatred of the consequences of medical neglect and deaths not yet conquered.

After graduating he spent three years as an army doctor, then returned to Chicago to practice medicine and work as epidemiologist in the city health department. His sleuthing against typhoid cut Chicago's death rate sharply and got him appointed health commissioner when his predecessor retired.

II

As health commissioner his first fight was against the political connivers who kept Chicago's milk deadly with bovine tuberculosis. This plague had infected the glands, rotted the bones, bent the spines of thousands of Chicago's children. In Chicagoland's leading milk-producing county 87 per cent of the dairy cattle were tainted.

Bundesen called in U. S. Public Health Service experts; out of Chicagoland's 245 pasteurizing plants (just as in the rest of America, though this was not known), not one was operating in a way that would kill TB microbes in milk.

Now the commissioner faced a showdown. To frustrate U. S. government attempts to eradicate bovine TB by killing infected cattle — indemnifying owners — an Illinois law had been passed that actually prohibited health officers from TB-testing dairy herds. Bundesen called in dairy-

men, milk-producers and politicians. He explained that pasteurization wasn't keeping TB out of milk.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I give you eighteen months to clean up your herds. After that — not one drop of milk from an untested cow comes into Chicago!"

Most of the dairymen cooperated, and the fantastic number of 400,000 milk cows were slaughtered. At the same time a group of diehard producers and politicians got set to get Bundesen. The day before the deadline, when ^ano more milk from an untested cow could come into Chicago, they let it be known that, tomorrow, the state anti-testing law would be invoked against Dr. Herman Bundesen. He'd be enjoined, he'd be in contempt, and then —

Chicago's rugged Good Samaritan called in the reporters. He told them how his own little boy was infected with bone tuberculosis.

"I'm sick of carrying young Russell around in my arms while he watches other children playing," Bundesen roared. "That's not all — it's happening to thousands. I'm going to see that every drop of milk that my own six kids and all Chicago's children drink is safe and pure — *if I have to go to jail to do it.*"

The hubbub, city-wide, was terrific. The next day not a drop of milk from an untested or tuberculous cow came into Chicago. The politicians knew they'd make a martyr of Bundesen by jailing him. That year, 1926, bone tuberculosis began its downtrend

in Chicago. Today it's a medical curiosity.

That same year every one of the 245 pasteurizing plants was put into really effective microbe-killing operation. This brought an unlooked-for life-saving dividend. Bundesen had cleaned streptococcus and other deaths out of milk along with tuberculosis. Chicago's infant death rate took a sensational tumble.

In 1927 his job was interrupted for three years when Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson fired him because Bundesen refused to include political literature with information about baby care that he sent out to all Chicago's mothers. The City Council immediately sent him a unanimous testimonial. Indignant telegrams from the nation's top health authorities bombarded Thompson. The Chicago *Daily News* awarded Bundesen a \$1000 prize as Chicago's most valuable citizen. He ran for coroner of Cook County and was elected by a majority of more than a million — the most enormous in the county's history to this day. When Anton Cermak became mayor he quickly restored Bundesen as health commissioner.

III

Bundesen had made cow's milk safe for babies; but now he learned that among breast-fed infants the death rate was far lower than among those not so fed. A survey by his nurses revealed that only one out of five Chicago mothers breast-fed her baby. The reason?

Chicago's birth lists — public documents — were daily published in the newspapers. Patent baby-food firms used these lists to send their door-to-door canvassers to Chicago's mothers, selling them on how much freedom they'd have if they didn't breast-feed their babies. Bundesen showed the city council the figures on infant deaths, and finagled a dubiously constitutional regulation prohibiting publication of birth lists.

Four firms offered Bundesen 50 cents per name; and 50,000 babies were born yearly in Chicago; and he laughed in the faces of the firms' representatives. Where the canvassers used to go, he now sent his health department nurses, teaching proper breast-feeding. In a few years nine out of ten mothers breast-fed their babies; and Chicago's infant death rate dropped to under 50 per 1000 born alive, below any large city, far under the national average.

There for three years the proud record stuck. Top healthmen congratulated Bundesen on reaching the irreducible minimum. "Who's murdering the babies who still die?" he demanded. Again detective work: more than half of all prematurely-born babies died. "What is killing them?" stormed Bundesen. "I don't know. And since I know I don't know, I'd better damn well find the fellows who do — or I'm the killer."

At Chicago's Lying-In Hospital there was a small number of new-born autopsy records hinting that bad obstetrics might be a culprit. But he

could never prove that, for all Chicago. Mass autopsies of newborn dead? Ridiculous. Parental sentiment against it.

To hundreds of bereaved mothers Bundesen went, personally. "Your baby has died," he said. "We don't know why, but autopsy may tell us. That may mean life for your next baby, safety for babies of thousands of mothers. By helping science to find why your baby was taken away, you'll give it a living monument."

For mothers too poor, Bundesen (out of his own pocket) bought little grave plots and monuments.

In the mid-1930s scientific autopsies jumped to the unprecedented figure of 80 per cent of all newborn dead. Seven out of every ten were found to have died from causes other than those given on death certificates; and the leading cause of death was cerebral hemorrhage, most often arising from interference with what should have been normal childbirth. Bad obstetrics — that was the killer.

Bundenen now organized a body-guard of Chicago's leading obstetricians and gynecologists. This Maternal Welfare Committee drew up regulations strange and disturbing to Chicago's physicians and hospitals. When the death of a newborn was flashed to Bundesen's office, squads of health department experts dashed to the scene of the tragedy. Then all facts gathered were laid before the eminent Maternal Welfare Committee's representatives. If their impartial analysis decided a death need-

less, it was charged to the doctor or hospital concerned. In future, for any difficult childbirth, expert consultation was firmly advised.

The life-saving results were historic. By 1940 Chicago's infant death rate was down to under 30 per 1000 live births. Bundesen had come far since 1922, when 4500 infants died yearly; only 1500 were dying now, despite a greatly increased number of births. The improved obstetrics that saved babies, saved mothers too; and the city's maternal rate dropped to half that of the country at large.

IV

Bundesen has fought Chicago's syphilis with his typical violence. Once his campaign almost cost him his life. In the middle 1920s he dared Al Capone himself by closing up Al's famous brothel, the Four Deuces.

Later, as Bundesen was leaving a hotel, a gunman stepped up to him, stuck a gat right in the Commissioner's face and pulled the trigger. The gun missed fire. "That's the last time I have been scared," Bundesen says. "My number simply hasn't come up."

In 1942, when Bundesen was 60, he began the boldest and most original of all his battles against syphilis. Inspired by Dr. O. C. Wenger, of the U. S. Public Health Service, he opened the Chicago Intensive Treatment Center to help sufferers by free and speedy methods.

He knew it was impossible to try to break the chain of contagious syphilis by the orthodox, eighteen-months-

long treatment advocated by authorities. This "standard" treatment was so painful and uncomfortable that you lost three fourths of your patients before they lost their syphilis.

To guard his death fighters both from medical attacks and from their own youthful enthusiasm, Bundesen surrounded them with an advisory committee of top syphilis experts and scientists, hand-picked for their honesty, open-mindedness and hatred of death. Under this protection the young doctors felt their way toward a treatment that would be speedy, powerful and safe.

Led by Dr. Theodore J. Bauer of the U. S. Public Health Service, they made rapid advances, finding that artificial fever boosted the power of arsenicals and bismuth, speeding up effective treatment; they discovered that fever similarly boosted the syphilis-killing action of penicillin so that you could give a still more effective treatment. Why not throw a Sunday punch?

The results may make medical history. All previous systems, safe enough to be practical, have shown failure rates of about 20 to 30 per cent against contagious syphilis. The new fever-arsenic-bismuth-penicillin cannon has now helped to smash that barrier — failure rate down to 13 per cent in a series of 139 patients. The treatment takes a total time of 30 hours.

Bundesen, smiling, says this is coming pretty close to knocking out contagious syphilis in a quick, safe

and kindly manner. Where in the old days 75 per cent of patients stopped treatment while they were still infectious — *now more than 98 per cent get rapid treatment, more powerful, experiments thus far have shown, than the system that took eighteen months!*

Meanwhile, Bundesen kept irritating the Center's doctors to find something better. They've proved the power of a penicillin cure for syphilis — one shot a day for ten days — that can be given easily in private doctors' offices. Yet he's prodding his researchers at their present testing of a still more powerful 30-hour, four-barreled hospital treatment that they hope will be 95 per cent effective.

When Bundesen drew his sensational blood-test dragnet through Chicago in 1938-39, the city's syphilis rate was seven per 1000 population. Bucking a rising trend in many large cities, the 1947 rate was down to 3.9. Huge billboards and big motor-graph electric signs over Michigan Boulevard tell Chicago's citizens where to go for treatment. Colonel Ted Bauer has mobilized 10,000 taverns and hot spot owners as assistants to his case finders.

This intensive case-finding campaign is revealing the dawn of final victory; for in the past year-and-a-half the number of new contagious cases found, monthly, has dropped from 450 to 270. And, last year, *only four infants died from congenital syphilis in Chicago.*

Leaving after inspecting Chicago's Intensive Treatment Center, Dr. Thomas Parran, then Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service summed up Bundesen. "You see why he's showing all of us the way," he said. "He really treats them like sick people, not sinners."

V

In 1943 Chicago's health department was decimated by personnel off to war; diphtheria zoomed upward; 386 cases killed 53 children that year.

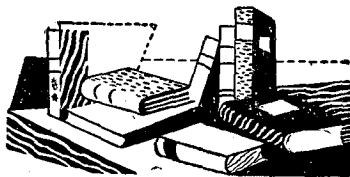
For one hectic week, led by Bundesen (raging, storming, ringing more doorbells than any), his workers including stenographers and scrubwomen invaded every house, apartment and hovel in the city — uncovering 140,000 unprotected children.

Immunization. Against a nationwide rising diphtheria trend, Chicago's rate began fading, down to 26 cases and three deaths in 1947.

The vitality which Bundesen throws into each crusade grows from his human sympathies. Magnanimity is his quintessence. It's that last effort against the last death of the least of people. "We can't *eradicate* these diseases," members of his own staff tell him. "It's scientifically proved that —"

"All right. But if we just keep in there sticking and slugging every minute, maybe this year we won't even have those three diphtheria deaths we had last year," says Bundesen — the man who hates death.

THE LIBRARY



LOVE AND LAW

by **WAVERLEY ROOT**

AMERICANS are notorious as a law-breaking people. We have one of the highest crime rates in the world. We are unawed by the laws on our statute books and by the men charged with enforcing them. Millions of socially respectable Americans, who would be properly horrified if the epithet "criminal" were attached to them, have not the least compunction about violating income tax laws, divorce regulations, traffic codes or price-control laws. We break the law with an easy conscience and in a hundred different ways. During the twenties we made a joke of Prohibition. And today, if the evidence of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* [\$6.50, Saunders] is to be credited, we are making a joke of our sex laws.

The "Kinsey Report," as the book

appears destined to be known, may ultimately prove almost as illuminating to students of law as to students of sex. The book brings us to close quarters with the problem of lawlessness in America in a way that will make it difficult to ignore. There has been, up till now, no scarcity of explanations for this lawlessness. Sociologists have variously attempted to pin it on the heritage of the frontier, on our racial heterogeneity and on our political machine system. In the light of the Kinsey Report none of these explanations seems wholly adequate.

Why are our sex laws so persistently flouted? After reading this book, only one answer appears possible: they are not obeyed because they are bad laws, and especially bad for a democracy. They are bad because they violate three of the fundamental principles on which the laws of a free people should be, and traditionally have been, based. (1) Our sex

WAVERLEY ROOT contributed "Plain Talk about Romantic Love" to the November 1947 *MERCURY*, and "Sex and the Double Standard" to the October issue. He is a veteran lecturer, radio commentator and foreign correspondent who has published so far three volumes of a projected Secret History of the War. He is also doing free-lance writing.

laws encroach on the individual's right to privacy, even while they are ostensibly designed to safeguard that right. In theory, the bulk of our sexual codes are supposed to protect the individual against the sexual crimes of others, against sexual assault and the like. In practice the laws are used to outlaw private actions, including the most intimate relations between husbands and wives, which have nothing to do with assault; the laws, in other words, invade our privacy instead of protecting it. Actually, most of these laws are totally unnecessary. The general laws against assault and battery are adequate protection against specifically sexual assault. (2) Our sex laws violate the principle that an individual may do as he likes provided that his actions are not inimical to the welfare of others. (3) Finally, our sex laws are completely at variance with our customs. They are unenforced and probably unenforceable. If everyone guilty of violating them were punished, 95 per cent of white American males would have prison records.

Gunnar Myrdal once suggested that a primary cause of American lawlessness is the rooted American belief in "natural law," in principles which are higher, and ultimately more valid, than written law. In other words, Myrdal said, not only is our conscience undisturbed by certain types of lawlessness, but we justify violations of the law precisely because our conscience tells us the law is bad. This hypothesis would certainly appear to be valid as far as sexual law-

lessness is concerned. By democratic standards, laws which classify 95 per cent of all males (and, presumably, a large percentage of females) as criminals must rank very low indeed. Most of us regard the sexual codes as inoperative precisely because they are such bad laws. The rationale behind our lawlessness was much the same in regard to Prohibition. It would be interesting to find out how much of our lawlessness springs from this same contempt for written law — and why so many of our written laws are so bad.

II

It would be impossible, in the space available, to list all the findings which Dr. Kinsey and his two assistants, Clyde E. Martin and Wardell B. Pomeroy, have compressed into their 800-page volume. Here, however, are some of the outstanding results:

(1) By the age of 38, 92.6 per cent of all American males have participated in pre-marital intercourse. (This is a crime in 33 out of the 48 states, for which penalties range as high as four years in prison.)

(2) At least one half of American husbands are unfaithful to their wives. (Forty-four of the states punish such conduct, with five years in jail the maximum sentence.)

(3) By the age of 45, at least 22.9 per cent of American males have had some homosexual experience. (Forty-six states make this a crime, and punishment for it may go as far as life imprisonment.)

There is no state in the union which does not define at least one of the three activities listed above as criminal.

(4) By the age of 45, 68.7 per cent of all American males have had experience with prostitutes. Campaigns of late years to reduce prostitution have not succeeded either in diminishing the number of women employed in it or the number of men having recourse to them. They have succeeded in changing the form and frequency of such contacts. There are fewer women in houses, but more operating independently; and while just as many men patronize them, they go to them less often. The drop in the absolute number of contacts with prostitutes is compensated for by an increase in the number of contacts with non-prostitutes.

(5) Sexual drive is greatest at the very beginning of maturity and declines thereafter with increasing age. The 16-20 age group shows more sexual activity than any other group.

(6) Ninety-two per cent of all American males practice masturbation at some time in their lives.

(7) Our sex habits are more stable than we suppose. Many of us believe that they have grown more lax during the quarter century covered by Dr. Kinsey's study, which includes the roaring twenties and the period of the last war, with its presumed demoralizing effect. Actually, sexual practices today are no different from what they were at the beginning of this segment of time. We may talk

about them more freely, but we do not act more freely — or less freely either.

(8) Men are more highly sexed than women. "The average adolescent girl gets along well enough with a fifth as much sexual activity as the adolescent boy, and the frequency of outlet of the female in her twenties and early thirties is still below that of the average adolescent male."

(9) The greatest cleavage in American sexual patterns follows educational (and not racial) lines. If we divide American males into those who finish their schooling as early as the law allows and those who go further, we find that the two groups exhibit widely divergent patterns of sexual behavior. The sexual behavior patterns often become apparent even before the decision on whether or not to continue schooling is reached; thus Dr. Kinsey was frequently able to predict how long a young man would remain in school entirely on the basis of his sexual behavior.

The upper educational group indulges more freely in petting and other esoteric sexual practices as a substitute for pre-marital intercourse, while the lower educational group bypasses such preliminaries and easily accepts sexual relations without benefit of clergy. After marriage, the upper-level males are at first relatively faithful to their wives, becoming increasingly less so as years go by. The lower level males are apt to continue relatively promiscuous in the early years of marriage, but become more

faithful with the passage of time.

Both groups regard the other with disapproval. Men of the lower educational group look upon the petting and other complicated activities of the upper group, in and out of marriage, as indications of unnatural and perverse inclinations. The men of the upper level interpret the simple directness of the lower level group as evidence of a brutish nature.

III

Dr. Kinsey's report is bound to be shocking to a good many persons. It is only to be expected that they will react in the classic fashion. When moral assumptions are attacked by new evidence, the first inclination of the defenders of those assumptions is to deny the evidence. If they can convince themselves (which is more important than convincing others) that the alleged facts which attack their cherished ideas are not facts at all, they are then comfortably absolved from the duty of amending their ideas or their actions to accord with the new knowledge.

Dr. Kinsey anticipated this danger and devoted no less than the first 150 pages of his book to a description of the methods which he used in gathering and interpreting his data. He has apparently been successful; there has been little attack on what might at first seem the most vulnerable point of his work — the gathering of data by questioning large numbers of persons. The immediate doubt which arises concerning this method is: "On

a subject so thoroughly hedged in by taboos, how many persons are going to tell the truth?"

This question, of course, did not occur to Dr. Kinsey's readers alone. It occurred first of all to himself. It is difficult to follow the account of the extreme care which was taken in the interviewing and of the elaborate checking by which the data given were tested without being convinced that the investigators did indeed succeed in eliciting truthful reports from the 12,000 persons interviewed so far. As a result, there has not been much attack on the evidence from this angle. It would, indeed, be a dangerous tack to take for those who may have been horrified at what they consider the depravity revealed by the Kinsey study; for it is virtually certain that if the data obtained vary from actuality because of concealment of the truth by interviewees, the actuality is worse than the data presented, not better.

The questioning of Dr. Kinsey's evidence has therefore shifted to another terrain. Certain critics have sniped at his statistical methods. Here we find ourselves on highly technical ground, of the sort which always provides unlimited opportunity for experts to argue back and forth in a vocabulary not permeable to the layman. But to this timorous layman, the author's remarks about his statistical methods carried conviction; and Dr. Kinsey must be granted familiarity with their use, since he had to employ them to tabulate the results of the

examination of 150,000 individuals of a single species of gall wasp in a previous study. (He is a professor of zoology at Indiana University.) The suggestion may be hazarded that if he has committed any crime against academic technique, it has been that of using common sense in the application of accepted formulas, an adulteration often regarded with horror by defenders of standard practices. Nevertheless, the experience of the past has been that more and larger errors have been made by those who held to the sanctity of measuring sticks than by the more daring persons who did not hesitate to chop them up into new units when the problem at hand demanded it.

My own uninitiated opinion, advanced here for whatever it may be worth, is this: (1) Dr. Kinsey's statistical methods are sound. (2) Even if they were not, that would throw into doubt only conclusions derived from the original data, not the data themselves. (3) The attack on his statistical methods is in all probability an example of that sort of rationalization, so common in cases of this kind, inspired by a desperate desire to find some means of escape for the attacker from the necessity of facing facts which are repugnant to him.

By this, I do not mean to suggest that all statistical criticism of the Kinsey study is insincere or hypocritical. The process of rationalization is unconscious, a phenomenon familiar enough to psychologists. The deep-buried desire of the statistician whose

moral beliefs are threatened by Dr. Kinsey's findings is primarily to vindicate morality, not statistics. Impelled by such a motive, of which he is himself very probably unaware and which he would hotly deny, he finds it extremely easy to be impressed by possible exceptions which might be taken to Dr. Kinsey's statistical methods. By this means he convinces himself, with deep relief, of what he so urgently wants to believe: that it can't be true. He will convince also those who, like himself, have been seeking an excuse for closing their eyes to the unwelcome evidence.

But he will not convince those of us who, like Dr. Kinsey when he undertook this study, simply want to *know* — not to know we have been right or to know we have been wrong, but just to know the facts. For such persons, it seems to me, Dr. Kinsey's results will appear to be sound. They leave us faced with this unpleasant situation: we profess a moral code and we have enacted a body of law which all of us, virtually without exception, violate constantly.

IV

Our sexual laws are thus revealed by Dr. Kinsey to be examples of sumptuary legislation — legislation, that is, which tries to enforce by fiat a concept of virtue which differs from that displayed in the behavior of society. When law and mores contradict each other in this fashion, the result is not a modification of the mores by law, but an undermining of the law by

mores. The classic example in the United States is Prohibition.

The Volstead Act led to widespread lawlessness because the attempt was made to enforce it adequately. Our sexual laws have not yet resulted in so sweeping a disrespect for legality because they are rarely enforced. They have not fallen into desuetude, however. They are invoked from time to time against hapless individuals whose conduct differs in no way from that of our fellows, as Dr. Kinsey has now demonstrated to us, but who have simply had the bad luck to have attracted the attention of the law at the wrong time. By pure chance, through entirely arbitrary circumstances, you or I or any of us at any time may be caught up suddenly in a mesh of events which will lead us bewilderedly to prison for the offense of having conformed to the normal sexual patterns of the society in which we live.

Admittedly, it does not happen often. Though 95 per cent of American males could be sent to jail, under our laws, for sexual offenses which are not crimes *per se*, like sexual assault, but only crimes *per legem*, how many of them actually do go there? Five per cent perhaps? Two per cent? One per cent? No matter how small the number may be, the bitterness of the injustice for the rare individual who becomes the scapegoat for all his fellows is not lessened.

That it is unjust will be clear from the application of Dr Kinsey's figures to specific cases. Fourteen men are

usually directly instrumental in the conviction of a defendant on charges of this type — a prosecutor, a judge and twelve jurors. Whenever these fourteen send a man to jail for fornication, they imprison him for a crime of which *all* of them have probably been guilty. When they punish him for adultery, it is for a crime of which half of them have probably been guilty. If they sentence him for a homosexual act, it is for a crime of which three or four of them have probably been guilty — and the chances are that the guilty will include the judge or the prosecutor, since they are more likely to be from the upper educational level, which has a higher incidence of homosexual experience than the lower level. Finally, if these fourteen men have to pass on a prostitute, who ordinarily comes into court with conviction almost assured, they will condemn her, if they do, in spite of the fact that no fewer than nine of them have probably had relations with prostitutes themselves.

"There, but for the grace of God, go I," any judge might well murmur as he sentences the unfortunate few who have been hailed before him for behaving like everybody else. This is trial by one's peers with a vengeance!

v

It may be maintained that one of the reasons for the present inconsistency between our sexual laws and our sexual habits is that no one hitherto has known what our sexual habits

are. Now that light has been thrown into this usually discreetly obscured corner by Dr. Kinsey and his associates,¹ will we revise our legal codes to bring them into accord with the facts?

If man were a strictly logical animal, we might expect that we would. Since he is not, we may be pardoned for doubting that the end of ignorance will mean the end of inconsistency. There are at least two good reasons for discounting the effect Dr. Kinsey's revelations might be expected to have on our sexual laws.

One is given in his own book — the stability of sexual patterns. The quarter-century covered by the present study represents, of course, only a small segment of our epoch, though it is one in which, to quote Dr. Kinsey

there appear to have been as material social changes as in any period of history. The expansion of manufactured utilities, the extension of means of locomotion and of all types of communication, the increase in educational programs, the political upheavals, the changes of attitude on matters of religion, have been extreme in this period. There have been two wars on such a worldwide scale as has never before been known. Twice in this period a high percentage of the young men of the country was drafted into military service and brought into contact with the sexual pat-

terns of persons representing the full range of social levels in our own nation, and with the sexual patterns of many of the other nations of the world. Following these two wars there have been periods in which many persons thought they saw unprecedented moral breakdowns. There have been periods of wild inflation, the jazz age, periods of prosperity, periods of depression. Millions of dollars have been spent by certain organizations for the express purpose of changing the sexual habits of the nation. This period has seen much new legislation on matters of sex. For the first time in American history, Federal agents have been used to enforce sex laws on a national scale.

And what has been the total impact on our sexual habits of all this ferment? "Nothing that is deeply fundamental in overt activity. . . . There has not even been a material increase or decrease in the incidences and frequencies of most types of activity." Surprisingly, there does not even appear to have been any marked change in sexual habits by the men in the armed forces during the war.

On the historical scale, Dr. Kinsey has of course no new data to provide, but he is able to point out that the moral code we have enshrined in our laws is the same as that which the ancient Jews bequeathed to us through the Old Testament — and it is interesting to note that his researches today indicate that it is Orthodox Jews who show the least sexual activity of any religious group — who come closest, that is, to abiding by the laws of their ancestors and of our contemporaries. It is unlikely that either sexual habits or laws con-

¹ But not as much light as the title of the book might lead one to think. Although I believe Dr. Kinsey's data to be reliable, and his statistical methods valid, it is true that there are some types of "human males" whose sexual behavior he has not covered thoroughly. He admits that he has not yet assembled adequate data on men over 50, on infants and very young children, on the "rural population," on "a number of religious groups," on factory workers and on Negroes. And of course the author has concerned himself only with Americans, which is considerably less than all of humanity.

cerning them which have persisted through three millennia will be shaken by the revelations contained in Dr. Kinsey's book.

The second reason for doubting that we are due for a change is that the origin of our sexual morality is religious. The laws of God are immutable and are not to be amended by the legislatures of the several states. Even for that large body of persons who today are not prepared to accept the theory that our moral code was handed down to us from on high, the weight of the preceding

centuries during which it occurred to no one to doubt the divine origin of morals has had its effect, and for most of them the accepted morality remains untouchable — even though unfollowable. The chances are that the American will continue to express opinions and to enact laws of the same type he expresses and enacts today and will continue likewise to violate them regularly. Dr. Kinsey's report is highly important; but it will probably have more practical effect on sociologists and psychologists than on legislatures and the courts of law.

END OF CIRCLE

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Come back home, the old house whispered.
Come back home, the children said.
Town and city beckoned: Hurry.
So I went there instead.

Come back home, the high elm whispered.
Come back home, the field unvalled
faintly murmured. No, said distance;
so I went where it called.

Come back home, the old train whistled.
Come back home, the horseshoe-bend
chugged out slowly. Now returning,
I cannot feel pain of distance,
and I know that when we spend
all our griefs in any weather
we can find our joys — together.

THE CHECK LIST



(Continued from page 517)

of leadership, Patton's daring reminds one of 'Stonewall' Jackson. . . . Patton was cast in the mold of great American soldiers." Colonel Paul D. Harkins supplies many helpful notes; so does the general's widow.

HISTORY

NAZI-SOVIET RELATIONS, 1939-1941, edited by Raymond James Sontag and James Stuart Beddie, with an introduction by James Reston. \$3.00. *Didier*. This is the story of Stalin's two-year courtship with Hitler, told entirely in documentary form, with material seized in the German Foreign Office archives. Although the documents were ably summarized by Neal Stanford in last September's *MERCURY*, and many of them were reprinted in the press last winter, their publication in book form should enable students to get closer to this chapter in history than was heretofore possible. The very first document in the book is probably the most important: it reveals that the idea of a Nazi-Soviet rapprochement was of Russian, rather than German, origin; and that the Russians conceived this policy in April 1939, at a time when they were ostensibly negotiating an anti-fascist alliance with Britain and France.

EVERYMAN'S HISTORY OF THE JEWS, by Sulamith Ish-Kishor. \$3.50. *Fell*. If not the best, this is easily one of the best one-volume histories of the Jews in the English language. Addressed to the uninformed Jew and Gentile alike, it makes no pretense to scholarship, but it is clearly based upon the most authoritative scholarly works, follows the most up-to-date researches in all the

relevant fields of inquiry, and is written simply, clearly, and at times with considerable grace. Miss Ish-Kishor has a special chapter on the American Jew, which is full of information and good sense. She takes a definite stand in favor of Palestine as a Jewish homeland, but she does, it calmly and logically. A brief selective bibliography would have added to the value of the book.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

GERMANY: WHAT NOW?, by Joachim Joesten. \$3.75. *Ziff-Davis*. Though written by its German-born author in a style which teeters painfully between dry academism and disconcerting slanginess, this book seems slated for many reference shelves as one of the sanest, most balanced and most factual accounts of post-Hitler Germany yet to appear. Mr. Joesten's thesis that mutual good-will may yet contrive to rescue Germany from her present plight as an ideological battle-ground and permit a four-power accord on her reunification along democratic lines seems at first blush to take no account of the inner dynamism of world Communism and Russian foreign policy. However, he provides a clear picture of the political and economic totalitarianizing of the Soviet zone; minces no words in labeling "the Pieck-Grotewohl brand of Communism" the "most powerful, and potentially most dangerous, of the present nationalist currents in Germany"; and realistically approves the merger of the British and American zones as the only feasible answer to Russian intransigence.

FALLEN SUN, *A Report on Japan*, by Noel F. Busch. \$2.50. *Appleton-Century-Crofts*. Returned from a tour of duty in occupied Japan on behalf

of *Life* magazine, Mr. Busch has written an engaging, if rather anecdotal and superficial, survey of that country, giving approximately equal weight to general background material and the current American occupation. Like all other observers, including our soldiers, he was astounded to find a docile Japanese population engaged in an apparently sincere effort to cooperate with the occupation authorities and make democracy work. Far from bearing us malice, he relates, the Japanese regard us as saviors, venerate General MacArthur and are applying themselves eagerly to imitating everything American in the hope of thereby discovering the secret of our success. It is Mr. Busch's unqualified judgment that our occupation has been "a resounding success"; but he is inclined to be a bit dubious about the future. Any letup in the pace of our efforts, he feels, will only pave the way for eventual Soviet domination, for which Japan, with its tradition of servile obedience and centralized rule, is spiritually prepared.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE, *Anti-Semitism in America*, by Carey McWilliams. \$2.75. *Little, Brown*. The bulk of this volume is devoted to a history of American anti-Semitism since the Civil War (before then it was practically non-existent) and an appraisal of its present strength. Mr. McWilliams estimates that anti-Semitic rabble-rousers have a potential audience of 10 to 15 million in this country. He notes, however, that it has been difficult to unify this movement, largely because "so many of the hate groups are strictly personal promotions or rackets." Figures are cited to prove that there is a disproportionate amount of anti-Semitism among the rich, but Mr. McWilliams is on weak ground when he argues that hatred of Jews (which has existed since the Middle Ages) is an inevitable outgrowth of industrial capitalism.

COMMUNISM AND THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WEST, by Fulton J. Sheen. \$2.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. For Monsignor Sheen the fight against Communism is "the struggle between the Kingdom of mass atheism and the Kingdom of God." He believes that "the Church is the only

solid moral force in the world that has been consistently opposed to the new barbarism"; and on the whole he is rather suspicious of some of the other people fighting Communism. He attacks Western bourgeois civilization for its "materialism" ("Communism is related to our materialistic Western civilization as putrefaction is to disease"), and he denounces liberalism for much the same reasons (John Stuart Mill stood for "license and absence from social responsibility"). However, he is willing to tolerate the assistance of other religious groups in the fight against Communism; after all, he asks, "if Satan has his fellow-travelers, then why should not God and His Divine Son?" Monsignor Sheen recognizes that we are in for an era of great stresses, but he views this prospect with equanimity, for "Godlessness would go on and on if there were no catastrophes." Secular criticism of this volume is refuted in advance by the author. On the first page he assures his readers that "only those who live by faith really know what is happening in the world."

THE LABOR LEADER, by Eli Ginzberg. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Few books published in recent years have done more to explain the dynamics of trade unionism than this unpretentious little volume. Professor Ginzberg's approach is sympathetic to unions but not uncritical of their leaders: in general, he believes, most labor leaders have about the same psychological traits as captains of industry. His composite labor leader is a man well on into middle age, who had little formal education, but who is possessed of enormous energy and has made up the deficit by private study, who has been in power a long time, has thoroughly consolidated his position, and has, to too great an extent, lost touch with the rank and file.

LANGUAGE

SUPPLEMENT TWO. THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, by H. L. Mencken. \$7.50. *Knopf*. In this supplement to his celebrated work, Mr. Mencken picks up where he left off with *Supplement One*, that is, he adds the new material he has accumulated in the past twelve years relating to chapters seven through eleven of *The American*

Language, fourth edition, 1936. The correlative chapters are concerned with the pronunciation of the American language, American spelling, the common speech, proper names in America and American slang. The volume runs to 890 large, closely-packed pages, not counting 43 three-column pages of index. It need hardly be said that the book is immensely readable, footnotes and all, and that it will delight all philologists, professional and amateur alike. In his preface Mr. Mencken says that it is "highly improbable" that he'll ever attempt a *Supplement Three*, though notes for it have been piling up. One hopes that he had his fingers crossed when he made this threat.

WORLD WORDS, *Recommended Pronunciations*, by W. Cabell Greet. \$6.75. *Columbia*. This is a second, revised and enlarged edition of a work that is pretty much the highest authority in the field of the pronunciation of foreign names and places. It contains about 25,000 entries, or twice as many as the first edition. Each entry is spelled in two ways, first in a simplified Websterian alphabet, then phonetically. The three-column pages are clearly and handsomely printed, and very easy to consult for reference.

MUSIC

HANDEL'S MESSIAH, *A Touchstone of Taste*, by Robert Manson Myers. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. When the *Messiah* was first performed in London in 1743 it was received coldly, a fact that now seems almost incredible in view of the great influence that the oratorio and, indeed, nearly all of Handel's work has had on English culture for two centuries. The English have looked upon Handel as "the Shakespeare of music and a poet for all time." Samuel Butler said of him, "Of all dead men Handel has had the largest place in my thoughts. In fact, I should say that he and his music have been the central fact in my life ever since I was old enough to know of the existence of either life or music." Dr. Myers, who is assistant professor of English at the College of William and Mary, discusses Handel's vast influence in England with massive learning, yet in a very readable manner. Musicologists and literary historians will find the book of great value, but general readers will also find it of considerable interest.

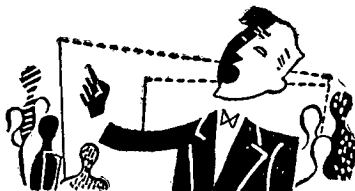
MY MANY LIVES; by Lotte Lehmann. \$3.75. *Boosey & Hawkes*. In this book Mme. Lehmann discusses the rôles she played in opera, especially in Europe where she was for many years a star who enjoyed great critical and popular acclaim. She was equally at home in the works of Wagner, Puccini and Tschaiowsky. In this book she does more than present memories; she also has many shrewd things to say about the musical and dramatic worth of the operas themselves, and she evaluates the different schools of direction. Occasionally she falls into the trap of discussing "vibrations" of actors, but fortunately that is not often. Altogether a book of solid worth, that professionals will find of value. There are several reproductions of photographs. The translation is by Frances Holden.

POETRY

THE WHITE PONY, *An Anthology of Chinese Poetry*, edited by Robert Payne. \$4.00. *John Day*. This apparently is the first comprehensive and truly authoritative anthology of Chinese poetry in English. The translations have been made by scholars, and they in turn have been edited and revised by Mr. Payne, who also supplies many helpful historical, biographical and critical notes. The result is a volume of great fascination. The time span covered is from 1100 B.C. down to the present, and the variety of poems translated is immense. Some of the poems, especially the lyrics, have an amazing similarity of emotion to English poems.

TRIAL OF A POET AND OTHER POEMS, by Karl Shapiro. \$2.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Mr. Shapiro's fourth book of poems shows him as marking time. He is still master of the simple phrase that somehow says more than appears on first reading, and he can still blend cynicism with sentiment without offending. But, on the other hand, he has not yet rid himself of verbosity, occasional vagueness and stray bad taste. In the verses in this book he deals largely with incidents in his early life and with his war experiences; but in them he adds nothing that he has not already said in his previous works. There is also a long poem-plus-prose-poem on the place of the poet in society. Unfortunately, it barely makes sense.

THE OPEN FORUM



FRANCO'S SPAIN — SECOND ROUND

SIR: Your article, "Franco's Spain" [by Melanie L. Pflaum], published in your January issue, forces me, out of respect for you and loyalty to your readers, to answer an article based upon unfounded and undocumented sources. . . .

Let us start with the statement of one "Miguel," who, it appears, is a chemistry professor. We are not informed whether he is a high school or university professor. Only that "he earns the same salary he earned seven years ago. His expenses have risen 500 to 600 per cent." Both statements are untrue. According to the Government budget and teaching appropriations, if he is a university professor his basic salary was 8000 pesetas in 1935. It is now 12,000 pesetas (since 1942). If he is a high school teacher, his basic salary was 5000 pesetas in 1936 and is at present 10,000 pesetas (since 1944). *Fascism In Action* (p. 158) gives the April 1947 cost of living (approximately the time Mrs. Pflaum was in Spain) as from three to four times prewar levels. The salary figures I have given also disprove her statement that "university professors are worse off than secondary school teachers, who are well paid and well treated." Remember also that traditionally, professors lecture one or two hours a day and are able to triple or quadruple their official income by the lucrative practice of their specialized knowledge. The writer, a high school professor in Madrid, who does not belong to the Falange, has decently supported a family of four by more work in the open market.

Mrs. Pflaum's partiality has blinded her to a reality not limited to Spain. A survey of the American teaching problem by the New York Times published in 1947, shows "that 350,000 teachers left the schools since 1940 and that the morale of the Nation's teachers was never lower." As a Spanish professor, I should add, neither is this an exception, for it is a world condition due

to the teacher's greater interest in his vocation than in his financial interests.

"We are falling so far behind the rest of the world," adds this curious Miguel, "it will take a century to catch up." Neither he nor Mrs. Pflaum has seen the statement appearing in the New York Times, July 31, 1947: "Sister Elizabeth Kenny, widely known for her controversial system for treating poliomyelitis, declared that infantile paralysis research in Spain was far ahead of that in other countries including the United States." Spain does not claim to be as far ahead in all fields; she may lag in some, but in many others bears comparison with the best.

Mrs. Pflaum continues: "They checked official statistics on public health and discovered that physicians had learned not to give starvation as the cause of death, but to list secondary causes, such as tuberculosis or anemia." The implications in this statement are gratuitous. It is curious to compare this with the statement of Dr. Francisco Blanco Rodriguez, in *La Lucha Anti-tuberculosa en España*, Madrid, 1945, page 96, on considering errors in diagnosis: "There are undoubtedly medical errors, but this inevitable fact does not amount to much, because the diagnosis of consumption in an advanced stage is accessible even to the layman. On the other hand, the deliberately falsified certificates are surely more important. In the rural zones of our country, tuberculosis is considered a degrading disease, and those doctors who have sentimental or economic ties with the patients' families are asked to dissemble the true diagnosis." This honest and plain-speaking statement is precisely contradictory with Mrs. Pflaum's assertions. Apart from this, how does Sr. Miguel reconcile the statement on hunger with the fact that the nation's health, instead of weakening presents symptoms of betterment? Here are some facts: death

by tuberculosis was 12.9 per 10,000 in 1938; in 1942, it was 12.3. Spain's population was 25 million in 1936; it is now 28 million. According to the *Stateman's Year Book* for 1946, the surplus, of births over deaths was: 149,374 in 1942; 254,264 in 1943; and 253,124 in 1944.

Mrs. Pflaum adds: "Most of the best professors in history, literature, political science and biology are in exile, teaching in Mexico and South America." Let her explain then the presence in Spain of Ortega y Gasset, Unamuno and Zubiri (philosophers), Maranon (biologist), Asin Palacios and Garcia Gomez (Arabists), Menendez Pidal and Damaso Alonso (philologists), Ballesteros Beretta and Pio Zabala (historians), Benavente (Nobel Prize), Ramon Perez de Ayala (Republican Ambassador in London and novelist), Felipe Clemente de Diego (civil law), la Cierva (inventor of the autogiro), Rey Pastor (mathematician), P. Rodes (astronomist), etc. These are names well known abroad. I do not know the names of the persons to whom she refers as celebrities in biology and political science, but were they produced they could be challenged by a numerous staff of Spanish scientists working in our Universities. The Higher Council for Scientific Research alone stimulates scientific investigation to a degree totally unknown before the Civil War. The expenses devoted to scientific research in 1940 were 4 million pesetas; in 1945, 36 million pesetas; and in 1948, 49 million pesetas.

The second source of information used by Mrs. Pflaum is a certain Ramon, who is supposed to be "a civil-servant with a salary of 900 pesetas monthly." She tells us he "gives French lessons, is a night watchman in the ministry where he works by day and makes tooled leather purses and belts for novelty shops." All possible, but not probable. He must be a "man of iron" because he apparently gets no time to sleep. However, Spanish men must be strong and wonderful, for Mrs. Pflaum says of Ramon: "tall, blond and handsome." He likes tall stories, also, for he told Mrs. Pflaum: "Falangists doing the same work get 4000 with bonuses" instead of his own 900 pesetas. Not even a Minister of State gets that much and the highest paid Falangist (National Delegates) earn 25,000 a year.

The Spanish Army comes in for an attack: "A Spanish businessman can succeed by taking in a colonel as a partner. Then he doesn't pay taxes, and he can ignore a thousand petty regulations." Mrs. Pflaum has never heard of the law of March 14, 1942, expressly forbidding Army officers from being gainfully employed while on the active lists. This is no dead letter law, for the *Boletin Oficial* publishes frequently the names of

officers who have left the active lists to take up a business post. The first of these was a Lieut.-Colonel Julian Troncoso, well known to foreign journalists covering the Civil War.

Speaking of the benefits of Social Security, she states: "but no one gets them except the politicians and officers." Persons under benefit in Social Insurance amounted to 4,573,987 in January 1946. The real beneficiaries of Social Insurance in Spain in 1947 were 11,488,964. . . . The difference between the amounts paid until 1935 and the amounts paid thereafter until December 1945 were the following: Until December 31, 1935, 162,938,824.51 pesetas. Until December 31, 1945, 4,209,287,749.32 pesetas.

"Carlitos" is Mrs. Pflaum's last informant. "He was once a famous Madrid journalist," she says of him. "He is now a shoe manufacturer in Seville." It is rather surprising that even if he should be barred from writing (which I refuse to believe until Mrs. Pflaum gives us his name), such a remarkable journalist should not work for what she calls "underground newspapers." Should "these papers have larger circulations than the regular press" (which is materially impossible), it proves one of two things: Carlitos is not so hot as a journalist or the "underground newspapers" cannot pay him for his wares. If the last be true, the financial standing of the papers is not great and the circulation attributed to them by Mrs. Pflaum is absolutely incorrect.

These are the most salient points and should be taken into consideration only for the purpose of refuting again the common errors which are written about Spain. . . .

MANUEL MAESTRO

*Press Attaché, Spanish Embassy
Washington, D. C.*

SIR: I am not convinced by Señor Maestro's statistics. I maintain the official statistics are compounded of fact and fantasy, whereas Señor Maestro accepts them as reality.

The New York *Times* (correspondent Samuel Pope Brewer), the Associated Press (correspondent Robert Okin) and the Chicago *Tribune* dispatches have repeatedly questioned the reality of "official" Spanish statistics and of the practical application of the excellent labor and social security laws now existing in Spain. So does Lord Templewood (Sir Samuel Hoare), former British ambassador to Spain. And so do Thomas Hamilton (New York *Times* correspondent and author of *Appeasement's Child*) and Emmet John Hughes (*Time* Magazine correspondent and author of *Report from Spain*).

On paper, the Soviet Union is a democracy.

The Russian constitution is an exemplary document, and Communists could point to it and say: "Look, what are you talking about? We have the most liberal constitution in the world." The same thing is true, though to a much less extent, in Spain. On paper, there are fine laws, but no one with a knowledge of Spanish could travel in Spain today and not discover the gap between what is supposed to be and what is. There is an appalling amount of corruption. Even groups which were considered incorruptible — the Civil Guards, to name one that was feared and respected — now have their price. Formerly, getting a railroad or airplane ticket meant going where it was sold and buying it. Not today. If you want a reservation on a plane or sleeping car accommodations, you bribe someone. You do the same thing to go to get a good seat at the theatre. Times are hard, people say, and one must live. To travel in Spain today is like being in the Balkans. And while it would be absurd to blame this change entirely upon the present régime, the utter cynicism of many members of the government has affected all classes. "You know what the Falangist salute is?" a Madrid shopkeeper asked me. To demonstrate, he held his right hand up in front of him, and his left hand opened behind his back (for the bribe).

Señor Maestro is probably right in saying that my friends exaggerated or dramatized their situations. We all do that, especially to people whom we haven't seen for a long time, but I believe that their stories were essentially true because they were confirmed by others. But his reasoning eludes me at times. He says either Carlitos wasn't a very good journalist in the first place or he *would be writing for the underground press* (certainly a tacit admission of the existence and importance of that press) — or that these papers cannot pay him for his wares and hence "the financial standing of the papers is not great and the circulation attributed to them by Mrs. Pflaum is absolutely incorrect."

Really, Señor Maestro, you know better than that. The men who write for the underground newspapers don't get paid. They risk their necks, their lives and the security of their families — no amount of money could compensate them adequately for that risk — because of their ideals. Talking about the "financial standing" of an underground paper and judging its circulation accordingly — you must be joking! For the subscribers, too, are taking a considerable chance; money is the least payment that they make for these newspapers. Besides, Carlitos is well-to-do, and, for all I know, he, too, writes for the underground papers and maybe helps to

support them. As to the fact of whether or not former newsmen (except those of the extremely rightist press and even some of these) have been barred from employment or kept out of the sindicato of journalists, just a list of the reporters formerly employed in Madrid will answer that: where are they now? Certainly not writing in the official newspapers.

Señor Maestro says I should give him the names of my journalist friends who have gone into other businesses, having been barred from their profession. You'd like that list, Señor, wouldn't you?

To return to the fabulous statistics. Señor Maestro, quoting Dr. Blanco Rodríguez, says that as tuberculosis is considered degrading, statistics on death from tuberculosis are falsified, and then proceeds to show how tuberculosis as a cause of death has fallen from 12.9 to 12.3! And the birth rate — even the surplus of births over deaths — is rising (as it is in postwar Germany, certainly no paradise). No doubt it is. Nor did I say that starvation prevailed in Spain; I said some provinces were badly off (as they have always been). My point was that the middle class (which is so small that it would not affect national statistics, even accurate ones) is faring badly under the present régime.

Now about those prices. Official figures are meaningless because you can't get the commodities, except at fabulous prices — *estraperlo*. This fact is substantiated by the figures for Spain given by the United States Department of Commerce, gathered by our consulates. Such things as olive oil, rice, codfish — important items on the *Madridleños'* table — must be bought at black market prices; further, substitutes (such as honey for sugar, lard for olive oil) are equally high. When I was in Madrid before the Civil War, I paid five pesetas for my small son's shoes. They are advertised in the same shop today — forty pesetas. I could feed my family for five pesetas a day; now the same food, if it could be obtained, would cost at least thirty pesetas. This same proportion holds true for restaurants, for clothing — for almost everything except rentals, which have been fixed. Actually, I don't think that the high cost of living is entirely the fault of the Franco régime; it is the result of the present economic plight of Europe. It would probably be the same under a Republic. But if anything, I erred on the conservative side in giving living costs.

As to army officers in business. Generals, even colonels, have sons-in-law, nephews who are given highly paid jobs because *tío* José, el general, is a big-shot. So *tío* José is interested in the business and helps the owner along with his problems —

problems like taxes. In return he gets some shares of the business. Franco didn't invent the system; he's only perpetuating it.

O. K., Señor Maestro, Spain under Franco is wonderful — for tourists. And American bankers will probably grant that two hundred million dollar loan for Spanish business, with the approval of our government. What more do you want?

MELANIE L. PFLAUM

Evanson, Ill.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GEORGIA

SIR: Having sprung from the red hills of Georgia, I should like to speak my little "piece" concerning the article "The State of Georgia," by Wenzell Brown, who appears to have obtained his information while teaching English to the Chinese. [See the December 1947 *MERCURY*.] . . .

Mr. Brown does not say it in plain words, perhaps because he is an English teacher, but he hints very strongly at the low state of culture in Georgia. That is common practice of our brothers in the frigid section of the United States. But I should like to emphasize to Mr. Brown that I am willing to match my miles of travel against his, and I have found people pretty much alike.

He indicates that he would bankrupt the movie people by forcing on Georgians motion pictures they do not like. Does he not know that cowboys themselves go to see the Western movies?

Doesn't he know who reads the funnies and the true confession magazines? All he saw in drug stores in Georgia towns were comics and true confession magazines. Wonder if he ever looked on the drug store newsstands in any other sections of the country?

He would have been far better off had he taken time out to read some true detective magazine concerning the lynching of Leo M. Frank. It is indelibly printed upon my mind from boyhood. Mr. Brown states that Frank was convicted and sentenced to life on very slender evidence. Did he go back and read the case? The star witness was a Negro, mark that! This Negro testified that he was directed by Frank to dispose of the body of little Mary Fagan, a thirteen-year-old pencil factory worker, by burning in the factory furnace.

I feel that Frank's being a Jew had nothing to do with his being lynched. He was lynched because the people were enraged. If I remember correctly, Frank was sentenced to die. The governor at that time commuted his sentence to life. The governor had to leave the state temporarily because of his action.

Leo M. Frank, who was superintendent of the pencil factory and not a merchant, as Mr. Brown states, was not lynched by the type of persons who go to Western movies and read the funnies. Many limousines lined the road at the cemetery, where Frank was hanged over the grave of Mary Fagan.

Tom Watson wasn't altogether to blame for Frank's death. Nor did Watson die a short time after that. He lived until 1922. During World War I, he published a paper against the draft. His paper was suppressed. He didn't run for President in 1892, either. He ran for President in 1904. . . .

JOHN BUNYAN ATKINS

Birmingham, Ala.

SIR: Mr. Atkins states, "Many limousines lined the road at the cemetery where Frank was hanged." What is his point? Do limousines provide an air of respectability to a lynching? Or is he trying to prove that "Georgia's best" indulge in lynching? Few Georgians would like to concur in such a view.

Concerning Mr. Atkins' statement that "Frank's being a Jew had nothing to do with his being lynched": he should examine some of the papers distributed by Watson and others at the time. Here is a typical quote: "Frank belonged to the Jewish aristocracy and it was determined by the rich Jews that no aristocrat of their race should die for the death of a working-class Gentile."

Mr. Atkins questioned my dates but did not check the article. My own statement was that "He (Watson) reached the peak of his popularity in the United States Presidential campaign of 1892." True, he tried again in 1904 but obtained only a scattering of votes.

Mr. Atkins' display of prejudices, his seeming defense of lynching and other attitudes, typify the reaction of a group in the South. Yet I believe that such attitudes are on the decline. My own presentation of Georgia I believe to be far more humane than the impression one obtains from reading Mr. Atkins' letter.

WENZELL BROWN

New York City

CATHOLICS, PROTESTANTS AND COMMUNISTS

SIR: The article, "The Catholic-Protestant Feud," by the Reverend Alson J. Smith, in the November 1947 *AMERICAN MERCURY*, is surprisingly sensible, considering that it is written by a

churchman. It is only to be deplored that the day has not yet arrived when man has ceased to feel the need for the crutch that is religion and thereby cast off his grievous burden. That burden being the parasite that is the church, under whatever name it may parade.

All so-called Christian churches have progressively grown away from true Christianity since the death of Christ. Considered as a philosophy, Christ's teachings had their merits. But they presupposed a society in which everyone was equal in the sense that all should give up all possessions, thus winding up in a state of universal poverty. A condition which, of course, is unattainable, human nature being what it is.

Since modern churches are Christian only in name, I see no point in all this triangular fight amongst Catholics, Protestants and (*sic*) Communists. It makes no difference whether one worships the state as a god or worships some mythical being called God. The end of either worship is the aggrandizement of a small minority at the expense of the majority, which is enslaved either mentally or physically, or both. One had just as well take up Voodooism. He couldn't get a worse headache.

I'd suggest that all churches quietly fold up and leave the care of those who feel the need of psychic support to the psychoanalysts. They'd have some chance of recovery then.

LV L. MILLER

Salem, Ore.

A NOTE ON MR. WOLFE'S REVIEWS

SIR: I would like to express my commendation of the extremely fine review of the book, *I Want to Be Like Stalin*, which was written by Bertram D. Wolfe for the January *MERCURY*. I have since read the book and consider Wolfe's review a model of critical appraisal and exposition. It is, in fact, a masterly essay on the totalitarian, reactionary and jingoistic character of Stalinist education. Not only in this review, but in his discussions of *Thunder out of China*, Dallin and Nicolaevsky's *Forced Labor in Soviet Russia*, Ypsilon's *Pattern for World Revolution* and Toynbee's *Study of History*, Wolfe has displayed a keenness of understanding, a comprehensive knowledge of the great variety of subjects dealt with and a lucidity of style quite unmatched by anything in periodical literature in this country in the past year. . . .

BERNARD HERMAN

Forest Hills, N. Y.

REJECTION SLIPS

SIR: Reading in the March "Soap Box" your humorous comment on some of the stories you've received from various "budding authors" recalled to my mind one of the best rejection-slip stories I've ever heard, and since it concerned *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* I'd like to tell it to you.

Twenty years ago, when H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan were joint editors of the *MERCURY*, I had a young friend with literary ambitions. She was not content to begin with the pulps or slicks: as soon as she'd left college she set her sights for the *MERCURY*. She realized, of course, that she might have difficulty breaking into the magazine, so she decided on a private publicity campaign of her own. Every day for a week, before she submitted her first brain child, she sent a post card to the *MERCURY* office; bearing in large print the words *IT IS COMING*.

After she sent the story in she heard nothing for several weeks, and jumped to the conclusion that the editors must have liked it. But one day she received a large card from the *MERCURY*, saying, *IT IS COMING — BACK*. The next day she got her manuscript with a rejection slip.

HARRIET METZNER

New York City

THE ALPHABET AND TEXAS

SIR: I have just received my copy of the March *MERCURY*, which contains an article on "The State of Texas," by Stanley Walker. The last paragraph of the article really gave me a huge laugh. It stated: "Texas a paradise? Well, yes. A grade B paradise, maybe, but a paradise nonetheless. Yippee!"

I know there are 26 letters in our alphabet, but not even Z could replace B in that statement. I and a good majority of the rest of the veterans who served in the Armed Forces will testify that Texas was no paradise. It was closer to being the residence of Satan.

The Texan is certainly the greatest "talker" in the country, but he is not the most hospitable person. I for one believe that Texas should be given back to Mexico. Mr. Walker can live in Texas by preference, but thank the heavens I don't.

I give credit to Mr. Walker for uncovering some of the most conspicuous fallacies about Texas. I wonder if they will read his article in Texas.

MALVIN ROBERT PECE

Long Beach, N. Y.

THE VANISHING LIFEGUARD

SIR: In the February AMERICAN MERCURY Bergen Evans, in "The Skeptics' Corner," mentions a lifeguard, Frank Crennen, and states that "he has dropped out of sight." [Mr. Crennen had been cited as an eyewitness to a case of a man's hair turning white overnight, a phenomenon that Mr. Evans says has never been proved.] I gave ex-lifeguard Frank Crennen a good cigar last summer and spoke to him dozens of times. He worked as a lifeguard for Manhattan and Brighton Beach Baths for many years, and is now a licensed masseur in Brooklyn.

I am reasonably certain that the Brighton Beach Athletic Club in Brooklyn has his present address.

I have known Frank Crennen for about 30 years and there is no doubt regarding his veracity. . . .

May I add that I know of a case of a man turning white overnight. The bedroom of his small children was struck by a bolt of lightning. It happened many years ago and I didn't investigate thoroughly. . . .

FRED G. HAAS

New York City

SIR: I am grateful for a lead that will permit me to check the story attributed to Frank Crennen. I have written to the Brighton Beach Athletic Club for Mr. Crennen's address. If it is forthcoming, I will write to Mr. Crennen. If he corroborates the story attributed to him by Mr. Thomas I will write to the principal involved and to such witnesses as Mr. Crennen can supply me with. If he can supply no witnesses or other supporting testimony, the case must be classified as "unproved."

There is nothing at all personal in questioning Mr. Crennen's veracity. When one is questioning the veracity of a story one can only question its veracity.

If Mr. Crennen can make good on his story I'll send him a whole box of cigars, better ones than he got from Mr. Haas.

Mr. Haas' last paragraph is typical of these stories. His contribution amounts to this: I have now in my files one more allegation of hair turning white overnight, made by someone I do not know, concerning someone else whose name is not given, happening at some unspecified time and place and, therefore, impossible to examine. If Mr. Haas will give me the details I will start writing.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.




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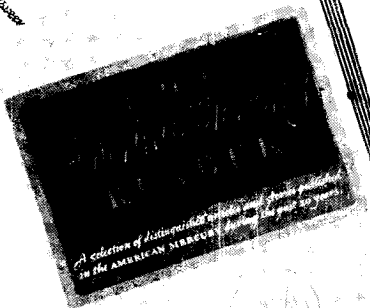
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